

THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS OF

Our Saviour.

Taken from one cut in an Emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar
and which was given from the Treasury of Constantinople, by
the Emperor of the Turks, to Pope Innocent VIII., for
the redemption of his brother, then a captive to
the Christians.

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THE GREATEST NAME
IN THE WORLD.

BY JAMES M. MACCALLUM.

INTRODUCED BY JOHN FORTS, D.D.

MOOREHEAD, N. Y. 1891.



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REV. JOHN W. MACCALLUM.

WITH

INTRODUCTION BY REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.

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ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by WILLIAM
BRIGGS, at the Department of Agriculture.

To the
Christian Young People
OF AMERICA,

WHO ARE TO GUIDE THE DESTINIES OF OUR LAND

FOR A BRIEF PERIOD

AND WHOSE IMPRESS UPON THE TIME IN

WHICH THEY LIVE

SHALL MIGHTILY TELL FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

AND

THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN harmony with the urgent wishes of a great many friends, the author has submitted the following lectures to the generous public.

There was but one single aim in their preparation and delivery, and that was to intensify the interest of young people in the life, Gospel, and universal reign of Jesus Christ.

There are many thoughtful, earnest souls, struggling with difficulties arising from the insinuations and sophistries of the multiform infidelity of to-day, which calls its ignorance "philosophic reason" and its stupid blindness "scientific doubt;" and if these addresses shall have helped them in any way to a clearer vision of the Truth, the author will not only feel justified, but also amply repaid for doing

what has been done. As the quotation marks will show, I have drawn freely from the writings of others—jewels of thought to adorn and beautify these pages. To the authors, whose names it would be impossible always to specify, I herewith pay my humble and grateful acknowledgments.

The picture of our Saviour is an exceedingly rare and valuable one, and was presented to the author by Mrs. Chas. P. Younge, of Utica, N.Y.

May His gracious smile be upon the reader.

JOHN W. MACCALLUM.

Toronto, 1898.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY book which has for a theme the Lord Jesus Christ is freighted with much blessing to its earnest readers.

The Christ has attracted painters, poets, biographers, teachers and preachers, and all these have presented as best they could their ideal of the unique and glorious character of the Saviour of the world. Much as has come into the worlds of Art and Literature illustrative of the Incarnate One, much more shall burst forth from the consecrated brains and loving hearts with an effort to express the faith and love of the adoring disciples of their adorable Lord.

The accomplished Prof. Drummond wrote with exquisite literary skill and with Christ-like grace of "The Greatest Thing in the World," and now John W. MacCallum writes of "The Greatest Name in the World."

This little book is the author's tribute of loving homage to his Redeemer and Lord. The reader will soon find that it is a graceful tribute which will inspire similar thoughts of Christ to those so beautifully expressed by the writer.

May "The Greatest Name in the World" have many readers who shall ponder its stimulating contents until with Alfred Lord Tennyson they shall sing,

" Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

JOHN POTTS.

Toronto, February, 1898.

CONTENTS.

| | |
|--|------------|
| CHAPTER I. | |
| The Greatest Name in the World - | PAGE 11 |
| CHAPTER II. | |
| Scepticism a Mystery—Miracle and Science Alike Attest His High Origin and Messiahship | 22 |
| CHAPTER III. | |
| Exalted Expectations of What the Messiah Should be . | 40 |
| CHAPTER IV. | |
| A Perfect Ideal | 55 |
| CHAPTER V. | |
| Greatest Among Teachers | 68 |
| CHAPTER VI. | |
| What He Taught | 81 |
| CHAPTER VII. | |
| His Power and Its Sources | 89 |
| CHAPTER VIII. | |
| His Discourses Clear and Pointed—He Alone is Great . | 98 |
| CHAPTER IX. | |
| What Napoleon Thought of Jesus | 109 |
| CHAPTER X. | |
| Crowning Results of His Life's Work | 120 |

"Thou shalt call his name JESUS."—Luke i. 31.

"He shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah ix. 6.

"A name which is above every name."—Philippians ii. 9.

"That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—Philippians ii. 10.

THE GREATEST NAME IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT names are gathered into constellations. Stars gather and glitter in galaxies. The planets all are members of one great family. There is nothing in all the realm of Omnipotence without its dependency, its relationship. The whole dazzling array of worlds above us point their fingers of light to the "King of Day," and in one glorious tuneful voice exclaim, "Our brightness comes from him." The radiant sun extends its long spears of flame toward the throne of God, and cries, "He gives me my light!"

Every great man points to some other great man as the moulder in a large degree of his life and destiny. Thousands of redeemed ones on earth and in heaven point to Legh Richmond as the one who led them to Christ. Legh

Richmond points to William Wilberforce as the human agency in his redemption. Wilberforce in turn points to Cowper and Dr. Thomas Scott, while Scott points to John Newton. Adoniram Judson was led to God by Claudius Buchanan, while Buchanan tells us that the converted sailor, John Newton, led him to the light. Newton tearfully mentions his sainted mother, whose legacy of faith was the agency of his salvation.

There is a golden chain of circumstances, running through all the history of our country's achievements and greatness, back to a day when a mysterious fog hung its filmy curtain over all the lower end of Long Island, where Washington and his troops were cornered by the British General, and under which coverlet of liquid drapery, an escape was made that eventually led to the established freedom of the American Colonies. From that period there runs a line of divinely appointed events, back through the battle-fields of Bunker-Hill, Concord, Lexington, the Boston Massacre, the Stamp Act, Queen Anne's War, Penn's Treaty—back to the landing on Plymouth Rock of the one hundred and twenty Pilgrims from the *Mayflower*, on Religious Freedom's natal Birthday, December 21, 1620. Back of this date sixty-five years runs the "chain of circumstances," to the time

when the State Religion of England changed from Catholicism to Protestantism, back to Luther, back to Wycliff, back to Savonarola, back to John Huss, back to Arnold, through the Crusades, on and back through the ages, until the end of the golden chain is found fastened to a Bethlehem manger, forever more illustrious as the first earthly resting place of our now ascended Lord. Thus behind all the great names of history, is "that Name which is above every name"—the Greatest Name in the World.

The testimony of the wisest and best men throughout the centuries all bear witness to His sublime elevation and majesty, above all that is earthly or human. Those who stand out in prominence on the page of history, characterize themselves by some particular trait or action. Usually, though, where they excelled in one virtue, ten vices were dominant. It was so with Demosthenes, with Alexander the Great, with Cæsar and with Pilate. David blackened his whole history by the murder of Uriah (2 Samuel xi. 6-22). Solomon's idolatry and intemperance cast a grim, sombre pall of fitful shadows over all the works of his hand and brain. The lion-like boldness of Peter in Jerusalem and Antioch, his death by crucifixion, with his head downward, does not blot out his denial of Christ in

14 *The Greatest Name in the World.*

Pilate's judgment-hall. Paul never can out-live the martyrdom of Stephen.

Christ alone presents a perfect model—a perfect record. His life was blameless and spotless—from the time of His first appearance in the Temple, until the end of His public ministry, which only ceased with His life. Had He lived other than a faultless life in Nazareth, His village home, the Jews, who were His bitterest enemies, would have cast it up to Him. But not a word of such is heard. He grew up as a “tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground” (Isa. liii. 1). He was quiet and unassuming, loved and loving; His words and ways enrapturing the soul their magnificence attracted. He was not a recluse, even though He created no questions about His divinity, until after His appearance to Israel as their Saviour.

Humility was the robe under which the eaglet was to preen its wings for a flight across the ages and around the globe. With love alone He was to ultimately lift all men into the light of heaven's joys—bring the Maker and clay into harmonious union, usher in the Golden Era of Humanity, and complete the Universal Brotherhood of Man. Beyond comparison, without parallel, the image of the Invisible God (Col. i. 15), the One whom angels comforted (Matt. iv. 11),

the Star and Ideal of all prophetic utterances, the returned Traveller from the world of spirits (1 Peter iii. 19), the discernor of our inmost thought, was Jesus, whose "life is the light of men" (John i. 4), and whose consuming love now attracts and will yet lead the whole human family

"Up the starry pathway
To the throne of God."

"He is the magnetic centre from which the continents have been touched and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward Him the prophets pointed forward; toward Him the apostles and martyrs pointed backward; toward Him all heaven pointed downward; toward Him, with foaming execration, perdition pointed upward. Round His name circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with scenes from His life-work painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios, and Churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and for Him and His followers heaven has built its highest thrones."

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

We do not understand what Isaiah meant when he said in prophetic announcement, "He hath no form or comeliness; and when we shall

see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him " (Isa. liii. 2). That the great grief which wrung His soul, from the contemplation of the awful price it was to cost Him to save a lost world and bring it back to God, may have changed his countenance and bearing until misguided and misjudging wisdom would reject Him, is possible.

Human nature, for the most part, is cold, unsympathetic and selfish. Only the pain and sorrow of our dearest friends excite our compassion and sympathy. We daily read of the great heart-breaking grief of thousands all around us, and, aside from the immediate notice given to it at the time, we think no more of it, except as some strong mind utters its sentiments of sympathy, which are apt to excite our more active attention. The sadness of others seldom casts a shadow over us. A horse in his stall will relish his grain while his mate is dying beside him. When Jesus looked down upon Jerusalem and wept over it, stretching forth His hands, exclaiming, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !" (Matt. xxiii. 37), He drew a striking

picture of man's inordinate worship of self; of the cold, unfeeling nature of man for man, as compared with the warmer, unselfish nature of the birds of the air, and of the fowls of the barn-yard.

How graphically the whole story of His rejection is told in a single statement, "He was despised and rejected of men." Why? He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and men, not fully understanding the cause of His grief, "hid, as it were, their faces from him," and when "he was despised"—as before Pilate, when the same rabble, who a few days before had cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David" (Matt. xxi. 9), now clamored for His crucifixion—"we esteemed him not." Still, great grief does not destroy the "beautiful" in our nature; and the compressed agonies of the world, as they were laid on Jesus, did not rob Him of those outward excellencies which make man the noblest work of God. That there was a charm in His benign countenance, a nobility in His bearing, a divine majesty in His walk that excited reverence; a form that was the perfection of Eden's original model, a mysterious attractiveness about His presence, all history, both sacred and profane, testifies.

“ No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.”

He was not merely an ordinary, every-day man, although He wore the garb, spoke the language and took upon Himself the fleshly form of the beings He came to save. Nor did He appear to the world a prodigy to be wondered at, without due reverence and admiration ; nor was He a stern recluse, as His forerunner, but “ the guest of all who sought Him, mingling with all to breathe His holiness on all.” He set aside Nature’s unbending laws that He might more fully supply the desperate needs of humanity.

His presence commanded attention. Wherever He went, great crowds followed Him. Nor did he appear to men as Shakespeare did to Coleridge, “ a giant stripling who had never come to his full height, else he had not been a man, but a monster.”

He was a full-grown and thoroughly expanded man, containing in Himself, moreover, the pure essence of all men ; mirroring on that calm forehead, and in that deep eye of His, the “ great globe itself, and all which it inherit.” When the gray-haired apostle was on the solitary

island of Patmos "for the testimony of Jesus," he readily recognized the Universal Bishop of our souls, although it was years after His ascension. When "clothed in the glories of eternity," gold-girt, head, foot, face and eyes blazing with unutterable splendor, and with two-edged sword and a voice like many waters issuing from His mouth, He talked of the ultimate and everlasting "bridal of the earth and sky," He was then as easily recognized as when, on the foam-crested billows of Gennesaret, He appeared to the troubled, tempest-tossed disciples, and spoke the wrathful elements into voiceless calm.

"He was not

In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear, yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in His lair.

His garb was simple and His sandals worn ;
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace ;
His countenance the impress of a god,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child ;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore."

That Jesus possessed a divinity above all the endowments of all other men who had preceded Him—a full and soul-satisfying salvation, above all that the most devout heathen worshipper had relegated or ascribed to the gods—His bitterest enemies have conceded and testified.

Christianity, as a self-sustaining system, is possible only where Christ, as a living Saviour—co-equal with God and the Holy Spirit—is accepted and made the corner-stone of the structure. There is between Christianity and religion the difference of the finite and infinity. Religion means sectarianism and intolerant bigotry. Christianity represents a heart surcharged with charity and the broadest philanthropy. Millions have been sacrificed in the name of religion, but Christianity never spilt a drop of blood.

To preach redemption to dying men, when no redemption is allowed, because of an abject disavowal of the claims of Jesus as a Redeemer “sent from God,” is to make sport of mortal agonies, and to perpetrate a burlesque upon all that is holy and good. A Christless sermon is the merriment of hell. The cross is to the longing soul a nonentity, when the victim—the sacrifice—is robbed of His divinity.

All Christian theology rests upon these three statements: “The Word was made flesh and

(tented) among us"; "I and My Father are one"; and "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." No explanation can be given to the mysterious relations of the Trinity, even though it be a problem as deep as the laws of gravitation, and dark as the grave itself. Why should we repudiate it, just because we cannot understand it, when all around us there are millions of unfathomable mysteries, like the tinting of the violet; the coloring of the butterfly's wing; the operation of mind upon matter, and the roll and march of the seasons through the centuries.

We only know that the Scriptures tell us that He is divine, endowed with the powers of the eternal, and that between Him and God there is no difference, that "in the beginning He was the Word, which was with God, and God was the Word." (John i. 1.)

CHAPTER II.

SCEPTICISM A MYSTERY.—MIRACLE AND SCIENCE ALIKE ATTEST HIS HIGH ORIGIN AND MESSIAHSHIP.

IT is not our choice nor aim to discuss here the question as to the existence of a Triune God. How a being of richly endowed intellect, warm, quick-beating heart, standing up in a creation so infinitely full of testimonies to the existence of a Great Spirit, can so prostitute his faculties as to look up to heaven, and before the "myriad host" of voiceless worlds, the unbanked ocean of stars, and all the ceaseless witnesses of nature, say, "There is no God," is a problem to our mind almost as deep as the sonship of Jesus.

"Where there is not a flower that blossoms in the garden, but preaches that there is a God; nor a leaf that twinkles in the sunbeam, nor a cloud that passes over the moon, nor an insect which flutters in the breath of the gale, or creates a tiny tempest on the waves of the pool, but repeats and re-echoes the testimony, that

there is a God ; where the lion roars it out amid his native wilds, and the humming-bird says it in every color of her plumage, and every wafture of her wing ; where the eagle screams up the tidings to the sun, and the sun in reply writes them round the burning iris of the eagle's eye ; where the thunder, like a funeral bell hung aloft in the clouds, tolls out, 'there is a deity ;' and the earthquake mutters and stammers the same great truth below ; where snow in its silence, and storm in its turmoil ; summer in its beauty ; winter in its wrath ; the blossoms of spring, and the golden glories of autumn, alike testify ; where the ten thousand orators of nature, the thunder-bolts, the hail-stones, the rain-drops ; the winds, the ocean waves, the flushing, the falling foliage of the woods, the lightning of the sky, and the wild cataracts of the wilderness are all crashing out, blazing out, thundering out, and whispering out, and murmuring out, true and solemn tidings about the Being who made them all ; who gave the torrents :

' Their strength, their fury, and their joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ;'

who clothed the woods ; who scooped out the bed of the sea ; who bringeth the wind out of His treasures ; and maketh a path for the lightnings

of the thunder ; that such a being, placed in the centre of so sublime a circle of witnesses, should say, 'I doubt, I deny, I cannot believe that there is a God ;' nay, that he should have realized in his imaginary experience the tremendous dream of Jean Paul Richter, have lifted himself up through the starry splendors of the universe, but found no God ; have risen above their remotest suns, but found no God ; have descended to the lowest limits of space ; looked down into the abyss and heard the rain-drops descending and the everlasting storm raging, but found no God ; should have come back from an empty heaven to a fatherless world and said, 'We are all orphans, neither I nor you have any God,'—is in truth a profound and awful, an inscrutable mystery."

Poor Shelley, the poet, made this mistake, and the wrathful waters were scooped into a grave for him where he was buried (on the Serchio, Italy), under the curtain of a dreadful storm—the Death Angel with his fingers on the black key board of the thunder-cloud, rolling forth a *requiem*, the tempest shrieking a pitiless dirge, while the convulsed deep, with ghastly, mocking sob, hushed the burdened cry of the overwhelmed soul, whose hollow laugh was at last and forever turned upon itself.

Hazlett missed his way into the kingdom by blundering into the plague-stricken jungles of scepticism.

Voltaire said: "In twenty years Christianity will be no more. My single hand shall destroy the edifice it took the twelve apostles to rear," but he stumbled into the grave weeping over his fate.

Gibbon, "with solemn sneer," devoted parts of his gorgeous history to sarcasm upon Christ and His followers. But the palpable blunders in that great work only too plainly demonstrate his ignorance of the true principles of Christianity. Prejudice, Ignorance, and unrelenting Hate were the vultures that preyed upon the vitals of this modern Prometheus, who with the chains of his iron will was bound to the fire-swept rock of Scepticism, in the arid waste of Despair, where during long years of remorse and secret anguish he lay, until death mercifully broke the galling chains, and permitted the captive, with a long, deep, hollow moan, to drop into the grave, past whose dark, gloomy portals we dare not look.

Wilmot, the infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hand upon the sacred volume, and exclaimed, solemnly and with unwonted energy, "The only objection against this

Book is a bad life!" Blunders! mistakes! failures! bankruptcy! everlasting paupery! Oh! it's an awful thing to get lost in the dismal swamp of scepticism! When a man is too proud to pray, too mean to rigidly and honestly investigate, too ignorant to consistently reason, he becomes an infidel. We met a seeming intelligent man in Detroit, who called himself an agnostic (which is the literal equivalent to the Latin word "ignoramus"), and he classed Socrates, John Calvin and John Wesley in the same age, cited up Protestantism for burning Bruno, in Rome, finally declaring Christianity stood unalterably opposed to science; and, when we hinted that he was exactly what the name indicated, was angry at us. Oh! young man! stand back from the meshes of this awful curse; you can gain nothing by doubting. Faith is easy as compared with doubt. In the time it will take you to seek out one point against Christianity, you can on your knees find Christ, the source of all secret strength, as also of all spiritual ease. Try Him before any other. Build on a sure foundation. Build on the Rock. But avoid this dreaded leprosy of which we speak. It never has done, and never will do, anything for a living soul, but curse it, blast it, damn it.

Would you blindly give up a faith that offers the best possible solution to the enigmas of life and death, for a life-creed, which begins with, "I don't believe in a higher power than blind chance," and ends with either the hangman's rope, suicide's poison, or assassin's knife? Do not think that any argument you can raise against Christianity is, or will be, a new point with which you thrust out its life or weaken its stays.

Celsus, of the second century, and Porphyry, of the fourth century; Paine, of the seventeenth century, and Ingersoll, Huxley, Renan, Strauss and Mill, of the nineteenth century, have said all that can be said:

" Their tongues are used to speak deceit ;
Their slanders never cease."

These spiders suck poison from the sweetest flowers, and then, with satanic complacency, sting your soul with their virus of death. "My son, if 'infidels' entice thee, consent thou not." Their creed may seem pleasant and fair, and their belief promise to bring peace of mind and heart, "but in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Infinitely more plain and easy to attain and to travel in is

THE WAY OF LIFE,

the highway of holiness, a way in which millions have gone, and none of them have ever been rejected or have regretted their course. What no man has rejected let all men pursue. Christ traced out this way by bleeding foot-marks and over stony roads, past rended sepulchres, from Bethlehem to Galilee, Galilee to Jerusalem, Jerusalem to Calvary, Calvary to Gethsemane, Gethsemane to Olivet, Olivet up to the open gates, from the open gates to the Great White Throne; for

“ By a new way which no man ever trod,
Christ mounted up to the throne of God.”

TO KNOW HIM IS TO IDOLIZE HIM.

It is impossible for one in whose soul is kindled the sacred fires of divine love, to read the incidents in the New Testament connected with the life of the Son of God without being thrilled with a thankfulness and joy which borders nigh unto ecstasy. Who, having by faith seen Him in the plenitude of His power, cheering the downcast, healing the sick, casting out devils, cleansing lepers, robbing death of its victims, walking the wave, hushing the tempest,

increasing bread five-thousand-fold, blessing little children, weeping over Jerusalem, praying in the Garden, suffering on Calvary, marching out of the rock-ribbed tomb, ascending from Olivet, and blessing the earth, can keep from ejaculating: "Mighty Son of the Mighty God!" Speechless wonder or bursting praise must always follow a glance at Him, in the depths of His love, or in the majesty of His sovereignty.

At the mention of His name I have known the drunkard to start from his frenzy, leap out of the galling chains in which he has been bound for twenty years, and, clothed in his right mind, go forth, breathing the testimony of divine saving to rescue thousands from death and illimitable woe. At the name of Jesus, spoken to him reverently, I have known the maniac to cease his wild ravings and become as a little child, tender and submissive. In a revival, not long since, a helpless stammerer was suddenly cured of his impediment as he named the name of Christ in praise. I have seen men who had been bitterest enemies for years, suddenly fall weeping into each other's arms, their spite and hatred buried forever, just by the power of the name of Jesus. Oh! it is a mighty Name! Jesus! Almost the first word a little child learns to speak. The orphan dries his tear and smiles as he hears that

name. Jesus! The soother of all our woes. The old man, talking of the Dark River, and of departed friends, wholly unconscious of his watchers, suddenly opens his eyes with a gaze of intelligence at the mention of this Wonderful Name. Sweetest word! Uttered in prayer over the gaping tomb, whispered in benediction, lisped from dying lips, shouted by the rising soul, chanted by angels! Mighty name! We speak of its value, influence and power, but we cannot tell its eternal potency.

WONDERFUL BIRTHS.

This name immediately associates itself with all that is strange or weird or fascinating about our advent into this "poor citadel of man." We read of Solomon's birth, and of the birth of David and of Samuel, Joash, and John the Baptist, among prophets and kings of the Scriptures; and of the advent of Shalmaneser 1st and Nebuchadnezzar, Homer, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Plato and Cæsar, among the great lights of the heathen world. But the added mysteries, the splendors, the poverty, the honors, the shame, the regal magnificence of all, together with their wonderful records, sink into utter insignificance before the splendid, yet mysterious circumstances attending the advent

of Christ into this world. For, if these came into this world as prodigies, to be wondered at, Christ came the lowliest among the lowly, and the mightiest among the mighty as a God to thrill, attract and save the world.

The Hebrew prophets who were permitted to unlatch the doors of the future, and look upon the world's great drama of centuries, yet to be enacted, saw what was not as yet dreamed of by the inhabitants of the earth, and clearly described the advent of Jesus through and from a source by man considered impossible. The "seed of the woman" "shall bruise" the "serpent's head," was the prophecy of an incident which was to make woman, who caused the fall, become the being who, under God and without "the will of man," would bring salvation to the ends of the world.

Man, as an individual, a free agent, proved his cowardice and everlasting unworthiness to be associated with the generation of the Son of God, and begetter of his own and the world's redemption, in the remotest degree, when he whiningly said, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat" (Gen. iii. 12), throwing the entire blame upon the one whose hand might have been stayed by a word or look; for loving and im-

mediate concession has been one of her paramount attributes since the hour God created her woman. But self-exoneration does not obviate the palpable fact of his guilty weakness, nor the shifting of the blame upon weaker shoulders make the burden easier for him to bear, nor bring him into favor with God. Out of Paradise he is driven. But to the woman **THE PROMISE IS MADE**—in thy seed—not seeds, as of many, nor seeds intimating the concurrence of man—but in one, the woman's alone, shall all the nations of the world be blest—a swift commentary and reiteration of a preceding promise, “the *seed* of the woman” shall bruise the serpent's head.

By the operation of the Holy Spirit upon Mary, the prophecy of Isaiah (vii. 14), “Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel,” is fulfilled, and Christ comes—born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, and the groaning world at last beholds—in the Babe of Bethlehem—

THE REDEEMER OF MANKIND.

That He should be the seed of the woman was known to Adam; but not of what nation, till Abraham; nor of what tribe, till Jacob; nor

of what sex, till David ; nor whether born of a virgin, till Isaiah. Thus by degrees was that "great mystery of godliness" revealed to mankind. They who sneer at the miraculous conception of Jesus say, with almost the same breath, that they believe in the probabilities and possibilities of spontaneous generation. Such palpable inconsistency must of necessity bring a man to the lowest stratum of human depravity. Would any one ask for an explanation of this mystery ? There can be but one, and only one, and that is told by angelic announcement to Mary in Luke i. 35 : "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee : therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

That ends it, for what God does is beyond the limit of our rights to question. The angels desired to look into it and were denied. Stand back then, oh, frail man, and assume no longer to force God's secrets. Nor deign a reason for His inscrutable works, until you can think as He thinks, and know as He knows.

"Inspiration comes :

 'To answer thy desire

Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond, abstain

To ask ; nor let thine own invention hope

34 *The Greatest Name in the World.*

Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppressed in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven.'

.
Enough is left besides to search and know ;

.
In measure what the mind may well contain."

— Par. Lost, B. 7, lines 120-26, 129.

This, indeed, is the Word, "made flesh and that dwelt among us" (John i. 15), but remember, when you begin your interpretation of Him as the "Word," that you assume to know God's unuttered thoughts; shoulder the mystery of eternity; speak the inconceivables of human thought into existence, and stand as the revealer of the doings and counsels of the eternal ages, which are only known to God. While the expression, "The Word," may offer a solution in itself, as indicating the means of communication between the creature and Creator, yet it is buried under the awful truth that, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and that God was the Word."

SCIENCE AND THE INCARNATION.

While I maintain that the Scripture contains enough evidence bearing on the Incarnation, to make it reasonable and acceptable, I also wish

to call your attention to the unimpeachable testimony of science to the possibility of such a birth, and also to the fact that the miraculous conception of Jesus is in perfect accord with, and not unalterably opposed to the course or law of Great Nature.

Above all other things, let us be clear. Merciless consistency with ourselves will correct much of our religious ambling, and straighten out many a crooked and stony theological pathway. There is nothing connected with the miraculous birth of Christ which should stagger any one who admits the absolute existence of even one miracle; for what, after all, is a miracle but a momentary interference with the ordinary course of some one particular law of nature by the Sovereign Creator, while He performs some beneficent deed for His suffering offspring?

None of Great Nature's laws were any more violated in the Incarnation than in the dividing of Jordan, or the halting of astronomy over Ajalon, or the stilling of the tempest, or in raising to life the son of the widow of Nain. Have faith in God. Atonement in Christ implies as much faith in His Incarnation as in His resurrection. The plain teaching of Paul (Gal. iv. 4; Rom. iv. 24, 25) leaves no room for doubt about this statement, which so happily accords

with the famous passage in John iii. 16. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman. . . . Jesus our Lord, . . . who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."

Reject the Incarnation, and the promise of a glorious resurrection in and through Christ will never enkindle a single throb of hope in your soul, or for you throw a ray of light into the voiceless shadows beyond the tomb. *No Incarnation*, logically means no substitutional sacrifice, and consequently, no resurrection. In the very nature of things, it is impossible for you to repose your eternal destiny upon a Gospel system, any portion of which you reject. Every individual truth is a key-stone. Remove one, and the whole structure falls.

Personally, I prefer to remain on the old ship which has triumphantly emerged unscathed from nineteen centuries of satanic bombardment, than trust myself at this late hour to any of your narrow, leaky, little surf-boats whose only life-saving apparatus is an ——— interrogation point.

It has always seemed to me one of the monstrous freaks of reason—the most unwarrantable and yet complete burlesques upon in-

telligence—that a man being accessible to all the necessary scientific aids to faith, should, when walking through the tropical forests of revelation, boundless in their scope, but intersected by beaten paths, each of which leads to the Realm of Peace, and richly illuminated by the light of science, should tear down the trusty fingerboards at all section lines, destroy his compass, voluntarily seek the shadows, then throwing himself upon the ground, charge Inspiration with his folly and befogment, complaining meanwhile to the passers-by: “I cannot find my way home.”

While I hold to a belief in the goodness of God, I must believe that, although I cannot know all about the forest, there is a way out, and that I shall find my way back to my Father’s House.

Let us reverently approach this question of the Incarnation, and under the light of modern science, and with the aid of the microscope, learn whether the origin of the life of our Lord is compatible with natural law. Many centuries before Christ, it was prophesied that he should be virginally born. Professor Huxley says: “Generation by fission and gemmation are not confined to the simpler forms of life. Both modes are common, not only among plants, but

among animals of considerable complexity."*
 "Throughout almost the whole series of living beings we find agamo genesis, or, no sexual generation. Eggs, in the case of drones among bees, develop without impregnation."† Examples of the origin of life without two parents are numberless.

"When Castellet," says A. R. Wallace, Darwin's coadjutor, "informed Reaumur that he had reared perfect silkworms from the eggs laid by a virgin moth, the answer was, 'ex nihilo nihil fit,' and the fact was disbelieved. It was contrary to one of the widest and best established laws of nature, yet is now universally admitted to be true, and the supposed law ceases to be universal."‡ "Among our common honey-bees," says Hckel, "a male individual, a drone, arises out of the eggs of a queen if the eggs have not been fructified; a female, a queen, or a working bee, if the egg has been fructified."§

Take up your Lyell, your Mivart, your Owen, and you will read this same important fact which Huxley, Hckel and Wallace here asserts

* Article, "Biology," *Encyc. Britt.*, 9th ed., p. 686.

† *Ibid*, p. 687.

‡ A. R. Wallace, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 38; London, 1875.

§ "History of Creation," Vol. i, p. 197.

when they say that the law that individuals may be virginally born extends to the higher forms of life. That great soul, the tender-spirited and sainted Lincoln, in his early days, with little knowledge, but great thoughtfulness, was troubled with this difficulty, and was almost thrown into infidelity, by not knowing that the law that there must be two parents is not universal. With throbbing heart I thank Almighty God—in whose unclouded presence the serene soul of the martyr now rests—for the instruments put in my hands and the grace with which He has enabled me to use them in flashing across the brows of men this new and gracious beam of light—the latest science concerning miraculous conception.

CHAPTER III.

EXALTED EXPECTATIONS OF WHAT THE MESSIAH SHOULD BE.

It was in the Jewish and heathen mind a foregone conclusion that such a birth should have a tinge of the miraculous ; that it should take upon itself somewhat of the superhuman and divine, and that the circumstances connected with the birth should witness to its potency and declare its worth.

The whole world, as if touched by a single chord, and nourished from a single source, confidently looked for a Great Deliverer. The Plebeians—the lower and oppressed classes of Roman dominancy—and the Jews, whose temple had been defiled and whose nationality had been absorbed by Rome, looked for one who would restore the first-named to equal rights and privileges, and transform the Jewish people into the governmental head of all nations. Just before the birth of Christ, Herod the King had made all Jews take the oath of allegiance to him and

the Emperor, which act too fully spoke the fear of his mind as he anticipated the advent of this Heavenly Prince. See his consternation merging into impotent rage, culminating in an order for the massacre of the male children throughout Judea, under the age of two years, all because of the events that celebrated

THIS WONDERFUL BIRTH.

Angels from the far-off portals of the skies put aside the drapery of clouds and announced to startled shepherds the Incarnation, while some of the best singers of a world where all sing, suddenly appeared under a canopy of light, and chanted a peace anthem, until hill, valley and plain echoed the hallelujah chorus. The burden of their song was :

“Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth
And good-will to men.”

The news is speedily carried to the Imperial Courts, and the wisest of wise men in the east wend their way over the plains, led by a star, until at last in a stable they find the object of their search, and then devoutly bend their tired knees in worship before the infant Jesus, all the time “rejoicing with exceeding great joy.”

There is a beautiful legend about the birth of Christ: How that when Joseph and Mary reached Bethlehem, she requested him to remove her from the ass on which she rode, which he did; but the only place that could be found was a cave, near the grave of Rachel, into which no light ever entered. Into this she went, and suddenly the whole place was filled with beams of light, as if of the sun, which never departed while she remained there. I cannot refrain from giving the story as I read it, so filled is it with beauty and suggestiveness:

"In this cave the child was born, and the angels were round Him at His birth and worshipped the new-born, and said, 'Glory to God in the Highest, and peace on earth and goodwill to men.' Meanwhile, Joseph was walking about seeking help. And when he looked up to heaven, he saw that the pole of the heavens stood still, and the birds of the air stopped in the midst of their flight, and the sky *was darkened. And looking on the earth he saw a dish full of food, prepared, and workmen resting around it, with their hands in the dish to eat, and those who were stretching out their hands did not take any of the food, and those who were lifting their hands to their mouths did not do so, but the faces of all were turned upwards.

And he saw sheep which were being driven along, and the sheep stood still, and the shepherd lifted his hand to strike them, but it remained uplifted. And he came to a spring, and saw goats with their mouths touching the water, but they did not drink, but were under a spell, for all things at that moment were turned from their course." But if wonders such as these were wanting, there was enough in the incident connected with the birth, by way of Divine attestation, to prove for ever the Sonship of the Saviour.

If His birth was mean on earth below, it was "celebrated with halleluiahs by the heavenly hosts in the air above." Together with this, there were the strange circumstances of angelic visitation in different parts of the country, to the two Marys at different times, also to Zacharias in the Temple, who was struck dumb for his unbelief; and the ecstatic utterances of Simeon and Anna, the prophetess, when they beheld in the infant Jesus the Lord's Christ (read Luke, chaps. i. and ii.).

Besides this, there was the adoration of the Magi. This was probably the most significant fact or incident in connection with the whole event. If they had simply gone from Jerusalem down to Bethlehem, it would hardly have en

listed the attention of the sacred narrator. But when they come to Jerusalem they at once convince the royal and learned classes that a more than usual circumstance has happened by their expression, "We have seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him." The truth of the matter was, that these wise men had been travelling for five months, guided by this mysterious messenger of the skies, through the months of August and September and October and November and December, until the long march from Chaldea to Bethlehem is accomplished, and these noble representatives of the proud princes of Paganism, "flocking to the light"—"Kings coming to His rising," find at last in the smiling babe, whose soft face presses the pale cheek of Mary, the "Hope of Nations," the Saviour of men. Besides this, there are many beautiful incidents in connection with this birth related in history, and told with traditional fervor and splendor.

The Indians of America declare that both the tame and wild beasts do change their position at the hour of midnight before Christmas, remaining on their knees for an indefinite time, while we all remember of hearing it said before us when we were children, that the cattle and sheep in the barnyard knelt at the hour of midnight preceding the dawn of Christmas morn.

Although we are ready to repudiate tradition and myth, still there is a suggestiveness in it all to which we do well to take heed. The beast of the field, the fowls of the air, the finny monsters of the deep, the plants of the forest, the flowers of the garden, the opening buds on the trees, the seed bursting through the sod, the dreamy mists hovering over the placid bosoms of all our sparkling lakes, the wind in its caprice, the ocean in its fury, the wild leaping lightnings of the cloud, and the setting sun, all lift up their voices, or finger, or reed, or spray, or beam of light, and point in adoration toward their Provident Creator.

This birth was the last effort on God's part in behalf of a lost race—

HIS GREATEST GIFT TO HUMANITY.

Born amid the rude surroundings of the manger, His birth seemed to declare in itself that while He came to save men from their wild, mad plunge into perdition, He also came for the alleviation of the painful abuses heaped upon the speechless creatures of God, who, the night of the nativity, heard the first cry of the Infant Lord. I cannot but believe that the plaintive bleat and bellow and moan which has been going up for ages as a prayer, will be answered

in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes.

By this lowly advent childhood was honored, and the cradle was—for all ages to come—to mean more than the grave. *It was God's way of reaching the every need of man.* Christ might have come to earth in full stature of manhood at the very start, as Adam did, without the introductory feebleness of infancy, but He did not; or He might have come to the throne of universal empire, with the waving of banners, blare of trumpets, roll of drums, rattle and din of artillery, the wild tumult of contending armies, midst shriek of wounded, cry of maddened battle-chargers, dying moan of friend and foe, and thus establish Himself on the throne of David, as most of the Jewish kings had done, but He did not.

He came at a time when the whole world was at peace, with unnumbered blessings to our race, and seemed to be a

“Feather from an angel's wing of Love,
Dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.”

No longer was Moloch to receive into his fiery arms the shrieking offspring of weeping mothers; nor the Nile to have its human sacrifices; nor the Ganges to be the grave of millions of India's

helpless babes; for the atonement in Him was now complete to whosoever would accept it, and henceforth His intercessory prayers were to bring the Heavenly Father and the earth-born child into a glorious, everlasting reconciliation for

“God only in the Heavens,
Understands the prayer He says :
For of all the cries and pleadings
That have yet ascended there,
None has ever come before Him
Mighty as that infant's prayer.”

This name is intimately and forever associated with the

COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CHANGE OF ALL
DATES

from B. C. to A. D. At the time of Christ's appearance there were three different modes of reckoning time, and right in the great Roman Empire there were three classes of dates used by the people. Thus, when Christ appeared, one dated it as coming in the 194th Olympiad; a second called it the 753rd year from the foundation of Rome; while a third named the time as the 4714th year of the Julian period. Besides that, there were twelve eras, commemorative of great battles, notable births and incipient beginnings of what, in after time, crowded the pages

of history with illustrious achievements.* Periods, too, there were without number.

Even the Jews, who of all others might be expected to correctly record the time, made wretched blunders, dating not from Creation, but from Abraham or David; often losing track of correct time by dating from one king's ascension to that of another. And if it were not for the infallibility of divine record, all dates B. C. must be hopelessly lost in the tangled labyrinths of tradition and myth. The people were "like sheep having no shepherd." No bright star with beckoning ray attracted their attention sufficiently to centralize their vision, and form a basis for their hopes and lives.

The unhappy quarrel in the Corinthian Church (1st Cor. i. 10-17) was brought about by the existence in their midst of that unsettled, vacillating nature of the heathen and fanatical Jews, which was so often seen demonstrated in the jangles and persecutions throughout the life-work of Christ and Paul.

They forgot their duty to principle in their blind attachment to the person. They—as is often seen to-day—rended the church to its foundation over a simple question of leadership. They quarrelled and wrangled as to who should

* Encyc. Britt., Vol. v., pp. 720 and 770.

be first, either Paul, Appolos or Cephas, while Christ was sacrificed on the altars of their selfishness—crucified in His Father's House, by His own followers—His kinsmen.

Christianity is a divine religion, and cannot be comprehended in a single thought. It is a system of Faith alone. Philosophy, as a science of the intellect, appeals solely to the reason; but faith in Christ as the Science of sciences came into the world to create a new philosophy, an entirely new field of thought which, while surpassing heathen (*i.e.*, Greek and Roman) philosophies would, at the same time, crowd the soul with higher ideals and more sublimely original thought.

The early Christians, however, found it extremely difficult to disabuse their minds of the cold, stilted philosophy of their time, when accepting the fresh, invigorating, rejuvenating faith of the Gospel, and not unfrequently had their hopes blasted by an attempt to blend all these contending factions into one soul-saving creed. Having dropped the right oars to examine others, their crafts were engulfed in the foaming rapids, running wild to the whirlpool of death, before they could reach again the well-tried but discarded oars.

(Nor should we censure very strongly this

attempt to reconcile these contending factions. Christian zeal has always sought peace, especially on doctrinal points, notwithstanding the fact that this is the rock on which the Church has been wrecked scores of times. A few comparisons of current Church history will furnish sufficient proof on this point.)

The cold, dreamy, yet stilted philosophy of Aristotle had not the tender pathos and gleams of hope which characterized the work of Socrates, nor the stately grandeur of Solon's unselfishness and humane laws, emphasized by the supreme dedication of his life to the good of humanity. None of these reached the heights of Plato's reasoning, nor surpassed him in his conception of an ideal philosophy which would combine in one system the better parts of all the others, thus amalgamating the minds of the whole human family into one common creed. But the result of each man's life was—as far as the betterment of a lost race is concerned—a failure. What could the people do other than what they had done? They adopted new dates, declared the perfection of new systems, deified their heroes; they would find a new God, then, with true eastern devotion, kneel at the shrine of their idolatry. To them there was no history aside from that of their successes as a people. The question with

them was not, How long since this globe was inhabited? nor, How soon will it cease to be? but, What place shall we fill in history which dates no farther back than the period of our inception? Thus engrossed in themselves—each nation, as a person, having different likes and dislikes, different ambitions and avocations, different hopes and fears, different views of present duties and of future existence, different ideas of life with its responsibilities, and death with its subsequent developments—is it any wonder that there should be a vast, incongruous mass of dates among these multitudinous factions that plunged the whole post-diluvian world into an inextricable labyrinth of cycles, periods and dates, from which none but the “Maker of history” could produce a chronology of harmony or untie its Gordian-knots? Dying Jacob told the whole story of the union of these contending factions into one great body when, projecting himself down through the centuries, he saw and foretold the fact in a single statement: “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.” That this prophecy has been literally fulfilled none can intelligently deny. The life of Jesus—sinless, stainless, spotless, comprehending

within itself a sublimely moving, creating force, at one and the same time showing the sterility of Judaism, crowding out all the forms of heathen culture and philosophy, and giving in place a pure, refreshing soul-gladdening Gospel—is sufficient reason for the wonderful success of His cause, the greatness of His name and the division of all history into two parts, viz., that before Christ and that after Christ.

I do not say that heathenism had no bearing upon the success of Christ's holy Gospel; for God has ever made the wrath of the heathen to praise Him, Thus, while "Judaism was preparing salvation for mankind, Heathenism was preparing man for salvation." And just in proportion as men come into the kingdom of God do the histories of the world point to the Incarnation. Indeed, so fixed a principle has it become throughout the world, that a great proportion of the Jews, and in fact all the civilized European nations, date their time from Christ's birth. Under a Jewish synagogue in one of our large cities I saw on the corner-stone this significant inscription: "Erected A.D. (in the year of our Lord) 1888." How forcibly the words of Jean Paul Richter comes to us in the light of these statements? He exclaims: "The life of Christ concerns Him who, being the holiest among the

mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hand empires off their hinges and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

If, indeed, all the weeping centuries before the Incarnation, heathen and Jewish, looked for a "Divinity that would shape their ends," by delivering them from their dark and dreary state into an intelligent appreciation of spiritual things, "and so bring peace"—and all the ages since Christ have pointed backward to the "manger in Bethlehem," are we not right in saying that "the full history of the world is a history of redemption"; that every incident of moment, forming a date in history, is but a spoke in the wheel of events which has been instrumental in revolutionizing the whole history of the human race? To the casual observer of Providence, to the superficial reader of history, there appears no thread, no system, no continuity in it. One course of events is seen here and another there. Kingdoms play the clown on the stage of action; now, for the first, attracting attention; next, great and powerful; then the curtain drops, and they are forgotten. All is a series of splendid, chaotic rhapsodies, melodramas and tragedies. No less chaotic seems the history of the Church.

Changes innumerable are continually going on within it and around it. But all is not chaos. The Christian student looks at the weird scene, and then draws from it that long chain of events, indissolubly connected, which brings every fragment of history into the great plan, sees it animated with one soul, and that soul is Providence.

Thus does the light of a revealed Providence throw upon our pathway a radiance which, running forward to embrace the millennium, is greeted by a gold-glinted sunbeam, which points backward to a "Being" suspended on a cross, on a hill outside of Jerusalem, dying under the black curtain of a Judean midnight, midst the terror of tumbling thunderbolts, rending rocks, consternation of rising dead, and weeping worlds—a Being whose birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension, ending the story of a wonderful life, stopped the flight of centuries, illuminated the ages, lifted humanity up to a never-before-dreamed-of spiritual elevation, and inaugurated a new beginning of time, that begins and ends within a circle upon which is written this significant title, "The Year of Our Lord."

CHAPTER IV.

A PERFECT IDEAL.

ONE great reason why Christ has gained such an elevation, such a precedence, over all men of every age, is chargeable to the fact that He furnished a perfect ideal for humanity.

Other men had excelled in a few things: Moses, as a lawyer; Joshua, as a soldier; Samuel, as a judge; David, as a poet; Demosthenes, as an orator; Alexander the Great, as a general; Herodotus, as a historian, and Solomon, as a king. But the example of each was only in part what we might have expected as a whole. Their imperfections were so palpable as to preclude the possibility of men finding in such persons a sufficient pattern for their lives. A model is a model only where it reaches the line of perfectedness. This is and ever has been a very busy world, and men will study men rather than books about men, generally gauging their lives by the status of some other life.

History is only biography generalized. Our

reading is made up out of what others have done. No kind of "studious entertainment does so generally delight as history," or the tradition of remarkable examples. Even those who have an "abhorrence or indisposition toward other studies, are yet often much taken with historical narration"—those narrations where the commanding spirit of some great man impresses and electrifies the reader.

The history of Macedonia is fairly comprehended in the life story of King Philip and Alexander the Great. The history of France from 1790 until 1815 concentrates in the biography of Napoleon. The biography of Washington furnishes the history of American independence. Where is the school-boy who to-day does not aspire to be a Henry, a Webster, a Lincoln, a Grant, a Beecher, a Talmage, a Brooks or a Moody? So largely do we partake of the spirit of these ideal characters, that in our emulation of their deeds we insensibly become somewhat like unto them. The laws of gravitation do not belong to dull rocks and burning stars alone. They enter into humanity so thoroughly that, impressed with what delights us in the lives of other men, we, like the star as it nears the sun, unconsciously reflect the light, and become more like unto this beauti-

ful Sun which has so magnetized and attracted our attention.

Success in any profession depends largely, if not entirely, upon the nature and elevation of the ideal, whether it be the platform orator, general, or merchant prince. Imitation is a substitute for experience. The best forecast of the future is the history of the past. We steal our honors from no one, even though we copy the lives of the best. Parental experience is intended to be the

FINGER-BOARDS ALONG THE ROAD OF LIFE,
which posterity must follow. The ancient Romans were accustomed to place the busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses, that they might be continually reminded of their noble deeds. They supposed that the recollection of the illustrious virtues of these ancestors would lead to the imitation of the same by all the living members of their households. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. At any rate, history records the names of many renowned Romans who came from families in which this custom was observed. The young grew up to reverence the worthies

whose statues they daily saw, and to emulate the virtues which gave their ancestors such lasting fame. We are all children in this sense, and each and all seek examples from among both the living and the dead; but none of us has ever found a human example whose complete life satisfies us. We grow sick at the sight of the failures of our best ideals. No history gives us the ideal man, whose every example and precept can be safely followed. The Bible alone reveals Him in the carpenter's Son—Jesus, the Nazarine.

IN HIM THE HIGHEST IDEAL IS REALIZED.

Would you seek the spirit of humility? Had any man greater reason for self-exaltation? Yet, when Christ came into this wretched world, of all the miracles recorded in the Gospel He scarce did any for His own private relief; and to show that He endured His sorrows for our sakes, and tasted the sting of stripes that we might be healed, "so were the joys He tasted in relation to us; we read not (which is highly observable) in the whole Gospel that ever He rejoiced but once, and that was when His returned disciples informed Him that they had victoriously chased devils and diseases out of oppressed mortals, and that by His authority

men had been dispossessed of both the tempter and punishment of sin." Would one seek a philanthropist? See in this "despised Galilean" one who, being infinitely rich, for our sakes became poor that through His poverty we might be rich—who was so poor that to save Himself and His disciples from embarrassment He performed a miracle to pay the Roman tax. Besides that, see the pity of His great soul, often welling up in tears at the distress of His friends, and how many times He healed the sick and raised the dead to comfort breaking hearts!

In these, as well as in all other times, there has been much talk about "all-rounded men," exemplary men, men of unwavering and sanctified influences. Behold in this Israelitish Prince the uniformity of a virtuous life—all the strength and beauty, the pity and power, grace and glory, honesty and righteousness, the justification and sanctification, the meekness and wisdom, the ardor and devotion, the earthly and heavenly, the human and divine attributes, blending and towering up, until, on our bended knees, we gaze upon His transfigured and glorified countenance in speechless praise. What comprehensiveness of all things that are lovely! "He," exclaims Flavel, "seals up the sum of all loveliness; things that shine as single stars with

a particular glory, all meet in Christ as a glorious constellation." Seeker after a perfect model, a perfect example, cast your eyes among all created beings. Survey the universe; observe "strength in one, beauty in a second, faithfulness in a third, wisdom in a fourth," but you shall find none excelling in them all, as Christ does. Bread has one quality, water another, milk another; but none has all in itself like Christ has. He is bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, a garment to the naked, healing to the wounded, sight to the blind, liberty to the captive, peace to the anguish-stricken, and whatsoever a soul can desire is found in Him. Although He strives not, yet He is everywhere victorious; quiet, yet when He speaks it wakes the dead; patient, yet He demands instant and complete submission to His will; submissive, yet ruling over all; enduring: considerate, tender to the weakest; loving, with that love which crowns all who follow Him to the end with everlasting life. To the end that we might have a divinely perfect pattern to imitate, God raised up His Son Jesus, furnished with rare endowments, and assisted by the Holy Spirit in the performance of this purpose. The records of the virtuous examples of this just Person were "written for our admonition—they were set before us as

copies to transcribe, as a light to guide us rightly. In the nature of the thing itself, this good example is of singular advantage to us, as being fitted to have a mighty influence upon us, in that it directs more pleasantly than precepts or commands, while it inclines our reason to good conduct, commending itself to us by plausible authority," thereby inciting our passions and impelling them onward in the performance of duty. It raises hope, inspires courage, provokes emulation, awakens curiosity, affects fancy, sets in motion all the springs of activity, stimulates faith, and impels us onward and upward in the pathway of life, until we reach the shining goal where gather and glitter, like the stars of the firmament, the ransomed immortals, clothed and patterned like unto Him,

" Who among the sons of men
Is fairest and first."

Is it any wonder, then, that Christ should permeate so entirely

THE LITERATURE AND SCIENCE OF THE AGES ?

Reason it as you will, the obvious truth presents itself, that a wonderful influence has been exerted upon the whole class of literature and science of the ages by the promulgation of the

teachings of Jesus Christ. With the opening of the dark ages, the Bible "retired from the world as an inspiring agency," or was imprisoned in a cell, from which but a few flickering beams reached the outer world. Luther called it from the hiding-places into which it was never again to enter.

Often had the attempt been made to break the weary dulness and awful thraldom of the whole civilized world, but it was never fully successful, and the defeat left men in deeper darkness than before. The age of schoolmen and scientific inquirers, under the leadership and approval of Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus, did not lift the cloud nor emancipate the intellect of humanity. Their philosophy was too much of intellect and not enough of God. Philosophy is no more Christianity than is the tuneless sighing of the forest, under the black wings of the storm-king, the uplifted doxology of mortal worship. It can prepare men for the truth, but it cannot give men salvation. The tendency of

PHILOSOPHIC SPECULATION

is to blind the masses by the bright rays reflected from one or more of its "suns," thus misleading the very ones it is intended to guide.

What does the average man care about high-sounding discourses upon "*a priori*," and the everlasting "*ego*," and the "*unconditioned*," and the "*first cause*," and the "*absolute*," and the thousand complicated deductions and dry abstractions of metaphysics, when the cry of his soul is, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him?" Science with its hostility has done little for mankind except to prove the immutability of the facts it once sought to disprove and destroy. But these contending forces have been "piloted into the realm of the mysteries of the Gospel, and apprehended as never before the close relation of these great truths with the central ideas of Christianity." Poetry, romance—the whole range of literature—has been electrified by the presence of that mysterious influence emanating from the name of Christ. There can be a philosophy without Christianity, but there can be no Christianity without a divine philosophy. Still there was much truth in the various systems of philosophy, such as those taught by Confucius, Cato, Plato, Socrates and Aristotle; for what, after all, is philosophy, but a splendid attempt to unravel the mysterious dream of immortality. But science must have the "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," to precede it in all its

essential developments, and it is so, that all the various departments of science have been animated by the touch of men, who, resting their hope on the statement, "Thy word is truth," have not been afraid to push their rigid investigation to the last door of geology, and have forced it to confess the truthfulness of the inspired record and the existence of an intelligent Creator. Among its expounders are Chalmers, Whewell, Hitchcock and Pye Smith, names emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

Ever since Christ propounded the great mathematical problem, "How much will it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37) mathematics have been "represented and elevated to the gem of sciences by the hand of such stalwart Christians" as Isaac Barrows, Roger Coles, Matthew Stewart, while in the category of associates are the names of Faraday, Samuel Clarke, Carpenter, Fleming, Sir Wm. Thompson, Abbe, Picard, Priestly and Bradley, all of whom believed the Bible. In

POETRY AND LITERATURE

the debt is obvious. Could Milton have written "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," or

Dante his "Inferno," or Cowper, Wesley, Montgomery, Toplady, Heber, sang the nation into ecstasy, if "Scripture had not presented a theme and suggested a way to use it?" Byron wrote under the "influence of the Hebrew spirit." Literature owes its existence, its permanence and its world-wide prestige to the greatest Name in the world. Says Dr. Mendenhall, "All literature has equally shared in inspirations from this common source, though the debt is more obvious in some departments than in others. Let it be philosophical, historic, ethnic, religious and scientific, the department has been affected more or less by the commanding truths of Christianity, either modified by them, or vainly attempting to modify them; but whether resisting or accepting them, whether harmony or struggle be the result of contact with them, the effect is marvellous and usually visible.

"Sceptical literature owes its possibility to that which it assails. Voltaire was possible, only because twelve apostles lived and died; Renan had written nothing had not Christ and Paul lived and taught; Hume had never discussed miracles had not the miracle-worker first appeared; Matthew Arnold writes because there was a Christ. Again the incidental effect of the truths of revelation in literature is quite as

impressive as the more direct and positive influence. The majority of books, not religious, relate to subjects which it has suggested, and it is difficult to write on things entirely outside of it. Even the novelist gives a Christian tinge to his stories, or impregnates them with Christian sentiment, as the means of commending them to public opinion. One lays down 'The Tale of Two Cities,' by Charles Dickens, in tears, because the hope of the resurrection is mingled with the execution of a doomed man. 'Ben Hur,' by Gen. Lew Wallace, is but a tale of the Christ. The thought of God, as developed in the Old Testament, the character of Christ, portrayed in such simplicity in the gospels; the thrilling ideas of inspiration, miracle, prophecy, retribution and immortality, find their way into public thought, crowd magazines, fill the newspapers, and multiply volumes without end."

And when we think of the volumes, the piled-up libraries of the world—written as "commentary, expository, or in the defence and promulgation of Christianity;" of the printing presses, sending their white-winged messengers of peace to all lands; of the multitudinous translations of the Bible and its aids into the languages of the people; of the widespread diffusion of knowledge through the energies of the universities,

colleges, free schools and academies, we are forced to concede the poignancy of the remark, "The Christian pen is mightier than the sword;" that the name of Christ commands the attention, love and reverence of the wisest men of all ages; that His teachings will yet become the basis of the fundamental belief of all men, so entirely; will so be woven into the great structure of this world's hope, that to tear this name away would be to rend the world to its foundations.

CHAPTER V.

GREATEST AMONG TEACHERS.

BESIDES this, the name of Jesus has been, and must ever be, the greatest among teachers. Under this head we can do nothing less than include His completed life; for whether He broke bread, or taught on the mountain, or read in the synagogue, or passed the night with the wild beasts, or walked the wave, or stilled the tempest, or defeated death, or spoke from the cross, or mounted to the skies, He taught. Nothing short of Omnipotence can clothe Him in His proper vesture. Nicodemus, a ruler among the Jews, duly acknowledged Christ's claims when he addressed Him as "Rabbi" (*i.e.*, my Master), and he spoke for the great Sanhedrim when he said, "*We know thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with Him*" (John iii. 1-5). Gamaliel evidently shared with Nicodemus this view, in his defence of Peter and the apostles before the Judges, when he

said, "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it" (Acts v. 38, 39). A monumental impostor cannot succeed as a religious teacher. The people found in Christ the culmination of all prophetic utterance, which gives a reason for the candid confession of the two great Jewish lights—His ready acceptance by the common people, and the spontaneous testimony of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. xvi. 16).

EXCURSIS.

In another place, we spoke of the prevalent notions in Jewish and Gentile mind of the coming Messiah. Scriptures spoke of Him as Shiloh (Gen. xlix. 10), Prophet (Deut. xviii. 15), Immanuel (Isa. vii. 14), Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace (Isa. ix. 6), Desire of the Nations? (Hag. ii. 7), Star and Sceptre (Num. xxiv. 17), a Shepherd in the Land (Zech. xi. 16), Ruler in Israel (Mic. v. 2). Has Scripture been verified? According to New Testament teaching, it has: for He is there called Shepherd and Bishop of our Souls (1st Peter ii. 25), Root and Offspring of David, Bright and Morning Star (Rev. i. 16),

Faithful Witness, Prince of the Kings of the Earth (Rev. i. 5), Author and Finisher of our Faith (Heb. xii. 2), Advocate, Jesus Christ the Righteous (1st John ii. 1), Propitiation (1st John ii. 2), Son of God, True God (1st John v. 20), Author of Eternal Salvation (Heb. v. ix), Deliverer (Rom. xi. 26), Light of the World (John viii. 12), Lion of the Tribe of Judah (Rev. v. 5), Mediator (1st Tim. ii. 5), High Priest (Heb. v. 10), Saviour (Luke ii. 11), Messiah (John i. 41), Lord God Almighty (Rev. xv. 3). The Mighty Angel clothed with thunder, visiting the earth a multitude of times, driving out of Eden the unfaithful tenants, condemning and branding Cain, trying Abraham's faith, wrestling with Jacob, visiting Lot, destroying Sodom, conversing with Moses in the fiery bush, directing Joshua's assault upon Ai, upbraiding kings for wicked disobedience, wrapping in the dreamless sleep of death the hosts of Sennacherib, watching with Daniel in the den of beasts, treading the seven-times-heated furnace with the three Hebrew children who came from the flames untouched; that spoke to Mary, and inspired the writing of Man's Treasure-House of Truth—this Mighty Angel is none other than Jehovah, the angel of the Lord, incarnated in the form and being of Christ, who, in the Gospel, goes

forth seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The Jews readily understood Christ to mean this when to them He cried, "Before Abram was, I am;" and the One who sealed His command to Moses, in his appointment as leader of Israel, by the title of "I am," is instantly recognized as the "Prophet whom the Lord would raise up" (as intimated by the dying chieftain in his farewell address to his people), as the great "I am," who was ordained to lead them in paths of peace, and teach them the way of everlasting life.

Will you, at this very point, hear the straightforward reasoning of Napoleon as he stands on the brink of eternity? "Admit, however, as the scientific method requires you to do, that Christ was so exceptional a soul that God was in Him in a thoroughly exceptional manner; admit with Rousseau that He lived a sinless life admit with the most scholarly of modern infidels, that God was in Him in such a sense as He never was in any other created being: admit this, and you have conceded enough to prove that you logically ought to regard this exceptionally holy and wise Being as veracious; and, therefore, that you, in consistency with your own admissions, ought to accept Christ's testimony concerning Himself. Take that, as

reinforced by the testimony of the ages to His work in the world, and perhaps you will not be at a loss for reasons for changing your word 'divinity' into 'deity' if you are logical." Leibnitz said that those who deny the deity of our Lord and yet pray to Him, may be good men, but that surely they are not good logicians.

This seeming excursus brings us back to the Teacher with a more perfect knowledge of the deep rich veins of wisdom from which He drew the water of life that He poured forth for the refreshing and ennobling of all people; and the right by which "He taught as one having authority and not as the scribes."

JESUS, AN HISTORIC PERSON.

One more question seems to present itself here bearing on the importance of His historic position. That Jesus was certainly an historical person of the period alleged none has ever denied. He was a Jew. His mother and Joseph were Jews. Joseph was a carpenter in humble circumstances. He was in the precinct of Jerusalem when Jesus was born and cradled in a manger. There is no evidence of other education than that received with His then reputed father in the workshop, during the first thirty years of His life. "How knoweth this man

letters, seeing He never learned," is a Jewish question, which indicates their knowledge of His home and early life. About the age of thirty He left His home, announced His mission, and entered upon His public ministry. From that time He had no home. The foxes had holes, the birds of the air had their nests, but He had not where to lay His head. For three years He went about doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils, performing miracles in attestation of His claim, prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem, the final and complete victory His Gospel should make over the world, His death by crucifixion, and how He would rise the third day; after which He was crucified by the Romans at the instigation of the infuriated Jews. These all are matters of history. "And," says the great Niebuhr, "the man who does not hold Christ's earthly life, with all its miracles, to be as properly and really historical as any event in the sphere of history, I do not consider to be a Protestant Christian."

FROM HEATHEN SOURCES,

we derive confirmatory evidence of the historic Christ. Suetonius, a heathen historian of the first century, described the "followers" of Christ as a "sort of men addicted to a new and magical

superstition." Critias, another heathen author of early date, styled the Christians, "magical or conjuring men." Phlegon, in the thirteenth or fourteenth book of his chronicles, has ascribed to Christ the foreknowledge of some future events, and testified that the things spoken of happened according to what he had declared. Celsus lived in the second century, and was one of the ablest opponents Christianity ever had. He spoke of the Christians as a society of "magicians," and of Christ as having acquired His power from the Egyptians, and having on the account of them proclaimed himself as God. He likewise gave a summary of Christ's miracles, showing them to be exactly the same as described in the Gospels; for, according to him, they were of "cures," "resurrections of the dead," or a "few loaves which fed the multitude, many fragments being left." "Thus from the scanty notices of heathens, even, we can derive a confirmation of the main external facts in the life of Christ—His miracles His parables, His crucifixion, and His claim to divine honor; the devotion, the innocence, the heroic constancy and mutual affection of His followers, and the progressive victories won by His religion in despite of overwhelming opposition, alike physical and intellectual. . . . It is remarkable that from

intensely embittered Jewish sources we derive an absolute confirmation of His miracles, His crucifixion, and even His innocence, for not a single crime but that of working miracles by magic and claiming divine honor, is even in these sources laid to His charge."

And again, "Even the most advanced sceptic cannot deny that by His life and teaching He has altered the entire current of human history, and raised the standard of human morality."* Thus has the wrath of man been made to praise our God, and the arrows sharpened for the destruction of our Prince been used as pens of steel dipped in the hues of eclipse, to write the discomfiture and everlasting defeat of the enemies of righteousness.

HIS ORATORY UNSURPASSED.

In His preaching He revealed some of those remarkable powers of declamation which gave Him a superiority above all who had ever spoken. "He was an orator in every sense of the word. There is a closer connection between the form and spirit of His discourses than in the case of any other orator. He

* Article on "Jesus Christ" in *Encyc. Britt.*, ed. 1892, Vol. xiii., page 656-8.

chose the most striking ways of presenting truth. Figures of speech, illustrations and parables are as thick in His sermons as stars in the milky way. The general manner of His address was direct or conversational. He always had His audience in mind and held the attention by His interrogative style. 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?' 'What went ye out in the wilderness to see?' At times He commanded his audience. 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body. Let your loins be girded about, and your light burning.' At other times He warns, rebukes, reproves, reproaches, prohibits. 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees;' 'ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and the earth.' 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' This form of direct address often becomes sympathetic, as if He held His audience in His mind and knew their frailties. 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.' He was impressed deeply with the great truth that things in heaven are known by their likeness to things on the earth; hence He often speaks in the language of oratoric correspondence. His most remarkable figure of this nature is His comparison of Himself to a vine. Contrast and antithesis abound: 'If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father,

will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will he give him a serpent? Or if he ask an egg will he give him a scorpion?' So truly oratorical was the style of Jesus that he touched every chord of the human heart. A man of keen sensibilities, sympathetic by nature, and living amid scenes of distress, sorrow and poverty. His heart was easily moved, and therefore His pathetic eloquence was deep, sincere and unsurpassed. Take, for example, his mournful dirge over Jerusalem. His story of the prodigal's return has no equal for tender pathos in the records of oratory." Hence the power by which He moved the thousands who listened to Him.

He was intensely original, and originality in an individual is a form of magnetism we cannot resist. It is a charm coveted by many, but possessed by a few. Thousands of people hated Pitt and Walpole in England, but they could not help listening to them. Many who bore for Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips consuming spite, felt the power of their originality and lingered upon their words, charmed into silence by their magnificence. Whitefield, Edwards, Wesley, Spurgeon and Beecher have been decried and persecuted by their enemies for preaching sensational sermons, when, in fact, it's the lucid, inimitable originality of the speakers that pro-

vokes the onslaught. It was so with Christ, but still His persecutors listened, even while they bite their lips with rage at His arraignments of their sins, and scoffed at His offers of salvation.

A truth unwaveringly believed, and vigorously preached, must invariably create a sensation. It has yet to be recorded where and when a Religious Revival amounted to anything that was not accompanied by great excitement. When a man sees the desperate wickedness of his heart, and begins to call on God for mercy, it is—of necessity—a case of tremendous excitement, both on earth and in heaven; for “The angels of God rejoice over the redemption of one sinner,” and are we poor frail, dying mortals less perturbable than angels? Why did the enemies of Jesus so dog His footsteps? Let them answer for themselves. Never man spake like this man. The simplicity of His teaching—the profundity of His thought—His absolute silence about any teacher outside of the Scriptures—His spiritual interpretation of the prophetic utterances, His contempt for worldly honor, His work among the common people, His fearlessness in rebuking sinners, His unselfish love for a suffering race, His miracles, His claims of divinity, all intensified the popular interest, and captivated His most deadly enemies by His new law of love,

and His fervent offers to men of eternal life; for, after all, said they, "When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than this man hath done?"

The style of his discourse was matchless for quality, quantity and adaptation to his audience. It was always beautiful without ever descending to the pretty; "elegant, without approaching the neat: simple, but never weak; sublime, but never inflated; strong, without being harsh; terse, but never curt; clear and brilliant as crystal," it approaches the line which "trembles on perfection." It has all the beauties of the Psalms, Isaiah, Zechariah and Daniel, with the pathos of Jeremiah and the majestic sweep of Ezekiel. But while it comprehends the beauty of each it surpasses them all. Frequently imitated, it is the most unapproachable of styles. While it presents not "a single point to the caricaturist," it drives the imitator to despair.

"Many who strove to imitate His flight
With weaker wing unearthly fluttering made."

"It is not turbid and earthly, but fertile and lofty" from its source under the Throne, to where it ends in the ocean of God's love. Pro-
found and deep, limitless as to range, He covers all that is to be known by man. "It is," says

Gilfillan, "a high, pure and cultivated energy, equal to the demands of His intellect and nothing more; illustrative rather than combinative; epical, rather than dramatic; refined, rather than rich; select, not copious." It was not merely the fruit of a prolific imagination, although He made much use of this faculty. He spoke as one seeing the Invisible, having converse with the Eternal; and told of things to come with the same strength which characterized Him in His discourses on past events. His delivery was not "easy and gossiping like the average," but more vigorous and intense. He strikes upon "deeper chords," abounds more in pensive reminiscences; rises to "finer bursts of eloquence," and reveals more of the strange machinery of His own mind. His words were full of thought, full of character, full of Himself. He lifted the mysterious veil of the future and unravelled its secrets. He who knew all that was in the heart of man, also knew the secret thoughts of the Most High; hence the fervor of exhortation to flee from the wrath to come, and prepare for the time when "In flaming vengeance" the Lord shall descend to execute judgment upon His enemies, and take His redeemed to rest forever with Him in His Kingdom.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT HE TAUGHT.

HE taught, that man's first duty was to God, not through consuming fear, but passionate love. If we serve Him through fear of punishment, we make Him a stern, implacable Judge, an unfeeling King, and bend a servile, trembling knee—not before the throne of mercy, but a bar of irrefragible justice, from which all shrink in deadly fear. But if we worship Him as "Our Father in Heaven," as taught by Christ, then with cheerful steps we hasten to the service of joy—to the delightful converse with the One who smiles His smile of ineffable rapture into the heart of the weakest of all His children. An infinitely kind and indulgent Father we—poor, frail children of dust—have.

The Scriptures, made up of sixty-six books, composed in several ages by different men, written and composed under varying conditions (ranging between the splendors of eastern Court, and foul, disease-breeding cell in Mamer-

tine prison), teem with the idea of pity and love for helpless humanity—alway withholding punishment, when the penitential pleadings of the transgressor is heard. Thus when Christ is teaching of the issues of this life, and how the subsequent life will be moulded by our actions here, He presented—as the case demanded—God as a Father or a Judge. He does not appeal merely to the fears of men; “He enlightens their judgment and extinguishes error, preparing the mind for a rational study of truth;” He pities the idolatry of the Gentile, and terribly rebukes the hypocritical selfishness of the Jews.

He dethrones idols, and enthrones a personal Creator, giving one an “inside view of the divine government, and pointing out the necessity of harmony with divine will.” “He reveals human helplessness to an alarming degree, creating a desire for rescue, and then provides an available remedy for sin by offering Himself as a substitute for punishment in their place, urging all to appropriate it as soon as presented; and to enforce the duty of volitional surrender to God, and the necessity of a new life, He points out the fearful guilt of delay, and the awful consequences of rejection, at the same time enticing men into immediate obedience by the promise of rewards, as fascinating as they are wonderful,

and as divine as they are imperishable." What subjects for study are the words, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else;" and, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavyladen and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls: for my yoke is easy and my burden is light;" and this, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." To Israel it was God first, and the lesson is repeated here by Christ, "God first—God first!" This duty is fraught with pleasure, where love instead of fear stimulates the activities. But this by no means comprehends the whole extent of our duty Godward. One of the strongest proofs we have of the complete spiritual change wrought in the disciples and people immediately following Pentecost, was their cheerful distribution of goods to the needs of their brethren, a very practical exposition of the "new commandment," which is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." To love God means to do His will: "Obedience is better than sacrifice." He taught that it was the "doer" of God's will, who would enter into the kingdom of heaven, and that the doer of His Father's will was—touching

assurance—Christ's own "brother and sister and mother." Besides this law of love, which projects itself from its "habitation in the consecrated soul" to the amelioration of the needs of our suffering brethren, He issued a "Golden Rule of conduct." All things "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." Nothing but pure, God-like, heavenly love can produce the harmonious performance of this law. Added to this there are "instructions in righteousness," regulating our deportment toward our enemies: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that love you? No! Them that are sick among your friends? No! For them who have never heard of you? No! Pray for them—which—despitefully—use you—and—persecute you. And why this requirement? "That ye may be the children of your Father which is Heaven;" for all good done to men was accepted by God, and accordingly rewarded by Him, as if done for Himself. Thus did He teach that all work of merit must spring from the heart; that mere outward performance of duty did not indicate a supreme, overruling love as the mainspring of its action.

THE HEART IS FOR GOD.

He demands nothing less than entire sovereignty of the throne-room of life. Consequently every evil thought must be put away, and holiness must be written within and without, and sealed with insignia of God's love, for the heart is the source of all good and evil in our lives; hence His statement that from "the heart proceeded evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies" (Matt. xv. 19); "for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh" (Luke vi. 45).

Soundness of faith is impossible when under the latter conditions. Goodness is but a sounding brass, or a picture of a reality not possessed. "By their works ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils; and in thy name done many wonderful works; and then will I profess unto them: *I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity*" (Matt. vii. 21-23). The celebrated Wm. Jay, of Bath, used to say, "Christ marks His sheep in two places—the

ears and feet—"they hear my voice, and follow me." While it is true that faith in the Lord God will save a soul, without works (as in the case of Abraham, "who believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness"), yet works of love make the great measuring line by which the world judges our Christian zeal and integrity. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Our faith is shown by our works. Your practical charity for the suffering brother next door and the needy everywhere is heaven's impartial estimate of your love for God. Practically, faith is doing what God tells us to do, without asking any questions. The faith, like the friendship, of the ordinary man, is fairly tested, the result invariably being a just criterion—when you touch his pocket-book.

Thousands of so-called Christians have but one God, and that is the golden god, before which, with true Eastern devotion, they kneel in idolatrous worship. In His terrible picture of the judgment day, Christ puts the leading characteristics which will distinguish the two classes of mankind from each other, namely, the ones whose work proved their faith, and the others whose faith bore no fruits. To the first class He gives eternal life; to the second, banishment

from His glorious presence for ever. Thus does he outline the full and perfect duty of man to God, which is to love God and keep His commandments, which, when cheerfully and lovingly performed, brings the smile of approval from the Father above (Matt. xxvi. 31-45), His gracious benediction, together with the sweetness of his presence in our hearts, which is a title-deed to the imperishable possession of the King of kings—a mansion of bliss, in “that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”

“NEVER SPAKE MAN LIKE THIS MAN,”

is a most conscientious testimony from Jewish and hostile sources, based upon a careful comparison of His teachings and language with that of the diversified styles of the prophets on one side, and of the inspired utterances of the mightiest minds of the heathen world on the other.

His language was made up of the simple words in every-day use, but what coruscations of genius, what dazzling hues encircle and flame out in some of his fervid utterances, especially when speaking of His coming to judgment and the end of the world (Matt. xxiv. 30-32). Still His words can be understood by a little child. Majestic in their simplicity, they contained an

imperial authority with the perfection of mildness. His precepts thus spoken were irresistible.

Coupled inseparably with this form of language was a logic, the natural product of His exquisitely sensitive mind, that never knew defeat, because His premises, being always faultlessly drawn, the conclusion must of necessity be beyond question.

Behind these two characteristic traits was a mind capable of deducing the most momentous problems down to the well-known and appreciable facts—a mind that instantly perceived the reason for every question arising in the human heart, oftentimes antedating the question with an answer to the ceaseless bewilderment of all who heard.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS POWER AND ITS SOURCES.

A DREAMY sentence never fell from His fervid lips. His thought was always vivid; His pictures graphic; His illustrations terse, practical, quickly and easily understood, poignant and adapted to the immediate need.

Nothing short of infinite powers of perception will enable us to penetrate the deep recesses of divine wisdom, which ever and anon focused its rays through His words, upon the breathless multitudes who hung upon His teachings their destinies of eternal life and death.

Whether by Elijahian vision he saw on the blue scrolls of the sky, penned in words of liquid gold, the words which He spake, or whether from the deep depths of His imagination He drew the weird, fascinating, pathetic, and sometimes overwhelmingly awful pictures with which He drove home His teachings, that sometimes angered, sometimes charmed, and at all times enthralled the multitudes, and that

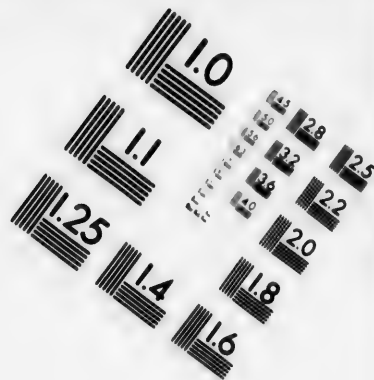
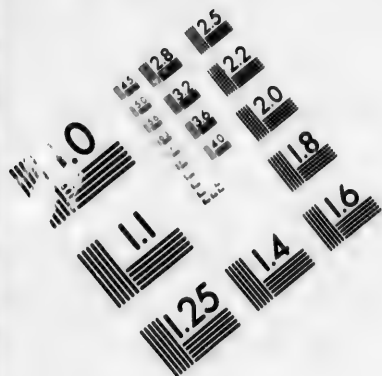
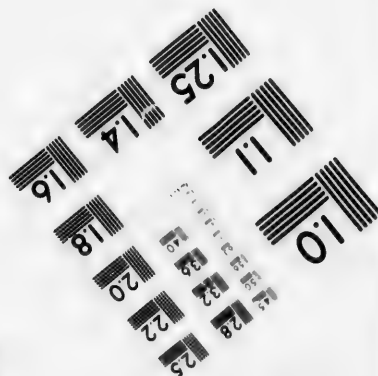
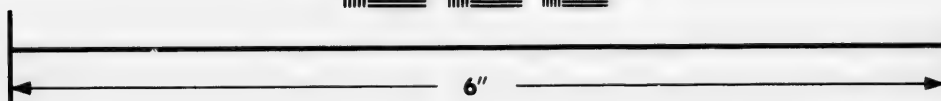
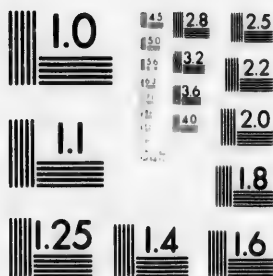


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has led the world into a brighter light and higher hopes, we know not.

He was intensely human in every respect, but proved the possibilities of an intimate union between God and man. Indeed, His perfect humanity revealed the higher divinity in which we beheld the God. I think, however, these human utterances are the result of human imagination. *His divinity was laid in His miracles and in His imperviousness to sin. His humanity is told in the agonies He endured, and His keen knowledge of and deep sympathy for a suffering race.*

In every sense, He was a man—teaching, laboring, suffering as men—only without sin. Therefore, I give to all His tremendous utterances a source in his human imaginative brain. Yet how lofty, how superb, how majestic these were! Imagination, in our sense of the term, is at once illustrative and creative. It “sees by intuition, it illustrates by metaphor, it speaks in music.” All great thought links itself instantaneously to imagery, and comes forth like Minerva, in a “panoply of glittering armor.” Without it, human activity would be an everlasting impossibility. The brain is the battery where all the electric currents of life are stored, but imagination is the controlling and intelligent

power that puts each of these currents into its lawful place, giving life and impetus to all that makes us nobler than the brute. It puts thought into an intelligent and intelligible shape and gives to man the dominancy over all the forces of nature. All great thought is, in a word, poetical, and creates at once a rhythm of its own. With this explanation, we hold imagination to be one of the most God-like of powers, and it was with these very powers that He coined His pictures out of everything in nature, and gave to them a life that ever broadens as the years roll by. Before Him, nature was a moving panorama of unfading splendors, with an inexhaustible wealth of sublime suggestiveness. "Consider the lilies" was a sentence in **THE MIGHTIEST SERMON EVER UTTERED**, and it was intended to strengthen the faith of the disciples in the Fatherhood of God, as exemplified in His provision for the needs of all His children. He exhorts them to put their trust in Providence, who supports the feeble plants, and affectionately points them to the flowers, and tells them that although they (the disciples) are sufferers now, they will be clothed with a vesture more glorious and lasting than that of the lilies when the Father's home is reached on high. We have learned by experience, what was intuitive truth

to Him, that the "meanest flower that grows can give thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears"; for even weeds, thorns and thistles, springing above their primeval curse, may to some appear lovelier than the fairest minion of the garden. He beholds the fruits of the earth, and teaches us to judge of men by their works.

Figs do not grow on thistles, nor apples on thorn-bushes, and the status of moral grandeur is in proportion to the amount of fruit borne. There is nothing in all the realm of nature that is beautiful if it lacks goodness—serviceableness. That is beautiful, no matter how rugged the form it wears, when it conduces to the betterment and welfare of our race. The fig tree, beautiful in its proportions, is made an object lesson, and is cursed because of its sterility. Standing upon the rock-ribbed mountain, He speaks of the powers of faith, saying, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Pointing to the clouds, where the electric flashes are leaping from cloud-dome to cloud-dome across awful chasms of space, seaming and shocking the wide air with livid lines of fire, He tells of the complete overthrow of Satan's kingdoms, "the powers of the

air," in a single statement, "I saw Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven." From the Euroclydon, fire-winged, howling with the burden of infuriated tempests, sweeping with devastating breath over the land, He draws a simile of His coming to the Judgment, with the storm-cloud for His chariot, drawn by the white chargers of prophetic vision, riding down the sky with rattling hoof of thunder-bolt and lightning of drawn sword; and foretells the terror of the wicked when, pointing to the earthquake-rended mountains, He declared that men will call upon the rocks to hide them from His presence when He shall come with the glory of His Father and with ten thousands of His saints. An infant is brought to Him, and He recommends innocence, declaring that all who would finally enter His kingdom must become as little children, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Being among shepherds, He gives Himself the appellation of the Good Shepherd, and represents Himself as bringing back the lost sheep to the fold. As He leaves the city and goes up the mountain, He beholds the great crowds following, who gather around Him and sit at His feet. From the very sight of this multitude, composed of the poor and unfortunate, He deduces His Beatitudes: "Blessed are they that weep."

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst." Such as observe His precepts, and those who slight them, are compared to two men who build houses, the one upon a rock, the other upon sand. When he asks the woman of Samaria for drink, He expounds to her His heavenly doctrine under the beautiful image of a well of living waters. When He wishes to picture heaven, He compares it to a homestead, obtained by direct inheritance without injustice, kept without disquietude, a place where time is spent without repentance—the kindest, sweetest, sublimest place in the universe, ruled by justice, mercy and love, having everything needful to make us eternally happy. From the picture of the impecunious debtor, He makes mercy the queen of human attributes. He made the occasion of the feeding so many thousands with a few loaves the subject of a sermon in which He elevates charity above all other faculties, both human and divine, declaring that His life would yet be laid down for all mankind, that they through Him might be brought to God.

Thus does His teaching emanate from the fountains of love in His great soul. His character was amiable, open and tender, and His charity unbounded.

The Evangelist gives us a complete and admirable idea of it in these few words, "He went

about doing good." By every act of His life He taught complete, loving submission to the Father's will. His resignation to the will of God is conspicuous in every moment of His life. He loved and felt the sentiment of friendship. The man whom He raised from the tomb, Lazarus, was His friend. It was for the noblest sentiment of life that He performed the greatest of His miracles. In Him the love of country may find a model. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! He exclaimed, at the idea of the judgments that threatened that guilty city, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Casting His sorrowful eyes from the top of the hill over this city, doomed for her crimes to a signal destruction, He was unable to restrain His tears: "He beheld the city," says the Evangelist, "and wept over it."

Obedience to the laws that be, both political and divine, was taught by the miraculous finding of the coin in a fish's mouth, accompanied by one imperative command, "Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's."

His tolerance was no less remarkable. When His disciples begged Him to command fire to come down from heaven on a village of Samaria

which had denied Him hospitality, He replied, with indignation, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." And when—a few months after this event—He went weeping up the hill from the gates of Jerusalem toward the place of crucifixion, bearing His cross, deserted by His disciples, hooted at by the rabble—insulted, derided and spit upon by the High Priests—maltreated by the soldiers—fainting, bleeding, suffering the piled up miseries and sorrows of all ages, staggering, falling—with the smothered cry of sympathy from the four Marys ringing, lingering in His ears—propelled by the force of the mob up the hill, yielding His hands to the outstretched beams of the cross, yet never chiding nor speaking while the rusty iron spikes tore and mangled, and fastened them quivering, bleeding, excruciating to the wood—enduring the thirst, the inflammation, the fractures, the gangrene, the taunts of the Jewish and Roman officials; the horrors of the darkening sky; the fainting sun; the rending of the marble-girded mountains; the desertion of His friends; the bereavements of the heavens; then, at the end of these awful hours of agony, after affectionately addressing His mother, and finished His incomprehensible life with a prayer for His murderers, with almost the last gasp of His sorrow-burdened breath, He taught the omnipotence, the sublime emacu-

late unselfishness of Love, the immensity of which, with all its great deeps, its majesty and grandeur, its immeasurable heights, its unfathomable depths with all the secrets of its saving power, is only known to God. By it, the penalty of exclusion from heaven, and deprivation of God's favor, and consignment to the place of misery, because of our sins, He obviated, He expiated guilt, He "made reconciliation for iniquity," He purchased eternal life. To those who were in Him, "There was now no condemnation. Their sins were forgiven, and they were at peace with God." By it Christ "vanquished death and him that had the power of it." He plucked out its sting, and secured our final triumph over it, and thus taught us to dismiss all our alarms (John xi. 25, 26). Our bodies must return to our kindred earth, but they shall be raised again, spiritual, incorruptible and glorious. They shall be reunited to their never-dying and sainted partners, and shall enter into the regions of immortality where "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 16, 17).

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS DISCOURSES CLEAR AND POINTED—HE ALONE IS GREAT.

MEANINGLESS platitudes and soft arraignments of terrible facts found no part in the practical developments of His themes. He dealt with the questions which most concerned men and their destinies. In His conversations and His sermons, He never went above the heads of the people He taught; or, if He did, it was in apologue, metaphor or parable, which either explained itself or was explained by Him. This was so in the parable of the tares, and of the mustard seed, of the leaven, of the hidden treasure, and of the draw-net.

Acting upon the assumption that all men by nature had an innate knowledge of God, and that all by sin were marred, diseased and forever dead, He spake of God as an affectionate Father—One who was not unapproachable or needed mighty expiations to appease His wrath—but one who grieved because of the prodi-

gality of His wayward children (Luke xv. 11); sent forth His only Son to convince them of their error, and with price of His precious blood (John iii. 16) reconcile them to God (2 Cor. v. 18-21) and make them again heirs of heaven (Rom. viii. 17). Before Him hypocrisy shrank away, and hid itself in shame, pain and rage under the excoriations of His fearful rebuke. To the Jewish and Gentile mind, sin only existed in acts and words, which could not be hidden, and they vainly believed that long prayers on the street corners; fastings; broadening of their phylacteries and being called Rabbi, Rabbi; building the tombs of the prophets; giving of tithes openly; the wearing of a saddened visage; garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous; apologizing for the murders done by their fathers, would make up for their lack of humility of soul, and cover their deep-seated and abominable guilt; but Jesus turns the full noon-tide light of His melting gaze upon their hearts (for the face is the mirror of the heart) and cries, "Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. Ye compass sea

and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves. Ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith. Ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee ! Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also. Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness ; even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Ye serpents ; ye generation of vipers ; how can ye escape the damnation of hell ? " (Matt. xxiii. 13-33).

He sometimes caused them to be their own accusers in the adjudication of some sin. They bring unto Him a woman taken in adultery—they claim to have taken her in the very act, and ask Him to settle the disposition of the criminal, by invoking the law of Moses, which said she must be stoned. It was not a conscientious desire to put away the sinner from Israel, and thus make an example of evil-doers

by really seeing the culprit stoned to death, else He would have answered differently; but that they might have to accuse Him as a usurper of Roman and Jewish laws, they come to Him, and a great number of stalwart men stand boastingly around this poor sin-crushed, betrayed and frightened Magdalene, and with loud-mouthed denunciations call for her death. Jesus looks at them, then at the woman; then stooping, writes on the ground as though He heard them not. Still they clamor. Let him, said Jesus, that is without sin among you (for, undoubtedly, they all were more guilty than she, and it was another case of supine Adam putting his guilt on a frail woman's shoulders) cast the first stone at her. What is the result? They slink away. They must either confess or flee, and fleeing away from the scene of their guilt is, unquestionably, evidence of their guilt, it is confession.

In driving out the money-changers from the temple, He called them a "den of thieves," and indignantly overthrew their tables and drove them out. But when called upon to settle a dispute between His followers, as to who should be great in the kingdom of heaven, He uses the most loveable terms, and similes, in the settlement of the trouble, by the introduction of a

102 *The Greatest Name in the World.*

little child, with a recommendation to each, to become great through loving services to each other.

When Nicodemus came to converse with Him about the life to come, being attained through a hidden life with God here, His manner of argument is clear and practical. He revealed to the "blind leader" the mysteries of eternal life in the soul, tells how it comes, its action—inscrutable in its issue and results—like the wind coming from the hand of God, with benedictions upon mankind and the earth, then returning again to its native and highborn Source—how He, as the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, came to save all who should believe on God through Him. That as like the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, and a look at it saved the perishing people, so He lifted up from the earth, would draw all men unto Him. Then, finally, as the Jewish Ruler tells by his questions, how desirous he is to come to the light and do the truth, Jesus says (by way of encouragement, and an unuttered prophecy of the time he would through his consistent and virtuous walk attain unto the light he so much desired), "He that doeth truth cometh to the light" (John iii. 21). But of all His sublime discourses and familiar talks with

the people, that one with Peter on the pebbly beach of Tiberias at early dawn, a week following the Resurrection, is the most diversified, most pathetic, most soul-touching, most beautiful of all. Seven sad and weary disciples are drawing near the shore, after a fruitless night's toil. A stranger on the shore noticing their complete dejection, called out in a tender, shepherdly tone: "Children, have you any meat?" To their negative answer, He replies, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship." They do it, and the net is filled to breaking. Memory, which seldom sleeps, here associates this miracle with others of like character. John discovers first the real nature of the Being who spoke, and exclaims in a reverent tone, "It is the Lord." Peter springs overboard, and is first on shore, and kneels before his risen Lord. Turning from His self-prepared meal of broiled fish, Jesus looks with those deep calm eyes of His upon the trembling penitent, and in words which breathe forgiveness, He begins and ends the conversation of all others, that will live and ever become more glorious while His name is spoken on earth. Gently, but how closely does He grapple in a series of interrogations, with the heart and conscience of His hearer! It was like a spirit "talking to him of eternity over the mouth of

the grave, and by the light of the waning moon." How strict, yet tender the questioning! For an instant, the conscience, a "discoloured form, is naked and bare before the questioning eye, and writhes visibly under the force of His terrible investigation" (John xxi. 14-19). But the vows there taken, under the effect of such scenes, were never broken, until the great soul of the Martyr leaped from the cross up to a Throne. Jesus spoke of heaven as an acquisition to be sought after with tears—yea, even if it was necessary, through torture and blood. But He never talked of what the future life was like, save to liken heaven unto a place where all who enter in should rest forever from care and pain, and be inconceivably and eternally happy.

Never once does He venture to tell to dull and heavy ears the secrets of that realm of peace. To miss heaven, meant to be banished from God, lose an inheritance among the pure and undefiled, and, like a helmless ship, without a compass, and with torn sails, be driven out to sea—not even allowed a quarantine within sight of the heavenly harbor, but compelled to drift dismantled and wrecked on the wild waves of despair in the awful storms of an ever-deepening night, the thunders rolling, the lightning flashing, strange voices of wrath mingled with every

breath, while the great bell of eternity tolls the solemn funeral knell for the lost through all their dreary, solitary and everlasting voyage.

IN HIM ALONE TRUE GREATNESS IS FOUND.

His name stands the mightiest among the mighty. In the annals of history, all that is called great is insignificant when compared with what this name represents. What, after all, is true greatness? History presents a long line of illustrious men, whose notoriety is written in the blood they have shed. What ghastly fields from which to garner the sheaves of glory! Enough blood has been spilt to make these men "great," which, if gathered into one great bulk, would form a lake seventeen miles long, one mile wide, and one hundred feet deep—a lake large enough to float the combined navies of both hemispheres.

Nebuchadnezzar, David, Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Constantine, Charlemagne, Mahomet, Frederick the Great, William II., Charles XII. of Sweden, Napoleon, Washington, Grant, Wolseley, names emblazoned upon the scrolls of history, written in marble, extolled in verse and song; names around which circle the many-tinted halo of human greatness; but their way to the pinnacle of human greatness was over

crushed hearts, rended firesides, buried monarchies, and through seas of human gore. Such is the incompatible tenets of our laws and human constitutions, that we incarcerate for a few months, and then dash out the life of the poor wretch, who has ejected a soul from its tenement house of clay before its time. If he has killed scores, the government gives him the highest seat of honor, and if he has slain his tens of thousands, his name is emblazoned on the imperishable marble, erected in gorgeous mausoleum, encircled and overarched with banners, while his memory is perpetuated and handed down as an example for the generations of to-day to follow and emulate. But compare the virtues and vices of many of these great ones, and you have a dew-drop of purity over against a mountain of iniquity. The man whom the American nation is pleased to call its most illustrious general (and over whose form they have erected a tomb out of purest marble, in a very blaze of architectural beauty and strength, and have recorded thereon his good deeds for his country) died while under indictment for larceny. Who was Homer, Demosthenes, Cato, Cicero, Herodotus, Xenophon and Pericles, among the ancients; and Walpole, Patrick Henry and Bismark, of later times, but

men whose greatness grew out of their power to excite their countrymen to slaughter their enemies in battle, which is nothing less than judicial murder.

The history of a nation is found in the history of its wars. The men who figure on historic page are for the most part connected with battles fought by their countrymen, although (singular as it may appear) the men who precipitated the conflicts are seldom or never found where bullets whistle and cannons boom. Their greatness, their mightiness, is traceable to the destruction of men, and murder, whether individual or by national consent, is odious. It is said that Blucher's timely arrival on the field of Waterloo settled the destinies of Europe. Be it so, but what historian of coming years will be competent to the task of giving him a place other than beside the merciless butchers of other ages and centuries? As the years roll by, and moral worth begins to take the ascendancy, and magnanimity (such as Nelson exhibited at Trafalgar, when he thrice ordered his men to cease firing upon a ship which he thought had struck its colors—the ship from which he afterward received his death-wound) take the place of barbarian savagery which knows no mercy for the fallen foe, this Prussian general's name will

be tarnished and blackened by his furious and merciless pursuit and revolting slaughter of the disordered, conquered and fleeing French, after the battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815.

Beautiful as were the many manly qualities and majestic utterances of David, illustrious as were his military achievements, yet we instinctively shrink back from him as we hear the prophet tell the long story of his life in the portentous statement, "Thou art a man of blood." The reprehensible nature of war is in the destruction of the innocent for the sins of the guilty. Then true greatness must be sought in other classes and conditions of men. Who would not rather be Luther the "lone monk," who with nothing but a Bible in his hands made everything tremble from the Vatican in Rome to the farthest monastery in Germany, than Cœur de Lion or the Iron Duke?

Who would not rather be a Chrysostom than a Pliny the younger; or a Paul rather than a Nero, or a Whitefield rather than a Tom Paine, or a Jonathan Edwards or a Wesley than a Voltaire? They have been "truly great who have been truly good," and have in their time blessed men by their living, having emulated the cause of Christ.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT NAPOLEON THOUGHT OF JESUS.

LET me quote the testimony of Napoleon, which was uttered not many months before he was taken up into the Unseen Holy. His comparisons are faultless, his deductions are overwhelmingly convincing, his utterances candid and fervid, his faith inspiring, his thoughts winged. One day he was speaking of the divinity of Christ, and also of His influence upon the world. General Bertram said: "Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and in all respects the most singular Being who has ever existed—I grant it. Still he was simply a man who taught His disciples and deluded credulous people as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused Himself to be adored because His predecessors, Iris and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over His time was like the ascendancy of the gods and heroes of fable.

If Jesus has impassioned and attached to His chariot the multitude, if He has revolutionized the world, I see in that only the power of genius and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sir, and Mohammed—with a sword.” Napoleon promptly replied: I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity. We can say to the authors of every other religion, you are neither gods nor the agents of deity. You are missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin. Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience of whoever examines the gods and temples of paganism.

Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras or Pericles. But, on the other side, the loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, living

faith, a practical faith in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel. Not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV. Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals. These legislators, Greek or Roman? This Numa, this Lycurgus? These priests of India or Memphis? This Confucius, this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said anything new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to creation. Enter the sanctuaries of paganism—you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and rending of unity, the parcelling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence; the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted *fêtes*, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol and his priest. Does this honor God, or does it dishonor Him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity? I see in Lycurgus, Numa

and Mohammed only legislators who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity. It is not so with Christ. *Everything in Him astonishes me.* His spirit overawes me and His will confounds me. Between Him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a Being by Himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which He announces and His manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization, or by the nature of things. His birth and the history of His life; the profundity of His doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; His Gospel; His apparition; His empire; His march across the ages and the realms—everything is, for me, a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape; a mystery which is ever before my eyes; a mystery which I can neither explain nor deny. Here I see nothing human. The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine. Every-

thing is above me, everything remains grand—of a grandeur which overpowers. *His religion is a revelation* from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or example of His life. He is not a philosopher, since *He advances by miracles*, and, from the commencement His disciples worshipped Him. He persuades far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did He impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All His religion consists in believing. In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation, and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Also, He has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone He brings His Gospel. The soul is sufficient for Him, and He is sufficient for the soul. Before Him, the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At His voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty before one single word—Faith.

He imposes His belief upon none, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict Him. First, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also, because the doctrine it contains of obscurity is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists when no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate? Who will say "No" to the intrepid voyager, who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which He alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain credulous, but no one can venture to say it is not so.

Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, but to do this it is necessary to be a metaphysician, and, moreover, with years of study one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Alexander, Charlemagne and myself have

founded empires, but upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force.

Jesus Christ founded His empire upon love. Ours have vanished ere the end of our natural lives. But the kingdom of Jesus overspreads the whole earth, and to-day millions would die for Him. What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, He has but one single aim, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, to make Himself beloved, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity. Assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time, and my dead body, too, must return to the earth to become food for worms. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of a God!

And . . . if you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God—very well, then I did wrong to make you a General.

Was this modern intellectual Colossus wrong? The Church of both hemispheres and of all creeds answer No! He who never bent his knee before a foe, here devoutly bows in worship before Him at whose birth the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy—the man who was the “highest possible ideal of manhood;” always “majestic and simple;” “infinitely firm and infinitely gentle;” “unsurpassed in His sublime simplicity and earnestness;” “the man who, above all others, was of unparalleled purity and elevation of character;” whose “life was uniformly noble and consistent with His lofty principles;” “the grandest of all known men of the human race in all time;” “the greatest moral reformer who ever existed on earth;” “the individual who has made the species take the greatest step toward the divine;” who was “unique in everything;” “to whom nothing can be compared;” who was, in fact, “the most beautiful incarnation of God in the most beautiful of forms;” “whose life and death was that of a God;” the man who with “His own pierced hands, lifted the gates of empires off their hinges,

turned the tide of centuries toward the millennium, and still governs the ages;" "who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, who is before all things, and by whom all things exist;" and who is the Head of the body, the Church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in "all things doth have the pre-eminence, in whom doth all fulness dwell;" "who, upholding all things by the word of His power, by Himself purged our sins, and is now sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;" crowned with glory and honor, and whose "throne is forever and ever."

What more can be said by way of proof of the infinite superiority of Jesus above all men and all that is great, glorious and mighty in the whole realm of science, literature, moral and spiritual maxims, teachings, oratory and religion, and a perfect human life? From the most noted men of eighteen centuries, we have collected evidence; both infidel, pagan and Christian, and their united voices seem to come up in a challenge, which rings round the globe, "Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died—yea that is risen again, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Out of His own originality he has erected an edifice of praise dedicated to the salvation of men, to which are hastening

118 *The Greatest Name in the World.*

millions of worshippers, from whose doors ascend unceasingly precious songs of redeeming love, while at His altar kneel in silent devotion the greatest, the wisest, the kingliest of the ages. From the dim distance of millenniums yet to come—the pinnacle of centuries—He smiles upon the results of His completed labors, and beckons us to

“ Follow on till the eye grows dim
And the soul like an ark-freed dove,
Shall soar away to the realms of day
Where the lamb is the light thereof.”

But His life is complete; His work is done, and His victory over, all the world is assured. No longer needs He to wander over the chilly earth, seeking the love and sympathy of strangers. No longer under gloomy Judean midnight skies does He seek in vain a place to lay His weary head, for the weariness of battle has given way before the approach of victory, and the thorn-crowned king of the Jews has put on the royal diadem of the King of kings, while the gracious eyes, which once closed in sleep under cypress tree in Gethsemane, or under arbor of Lebanon cedar on pillow of stone, is opened to watch from His everlasting heights, the home-coming of His children, who will by

and by rest their weary head on the tender, affectionate bosom of Him, who now and forever rests His head on the bosom of God. "Repose now in thy glory, noble founder! Thy work is finished; thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see the edifice of thy labors fall by any fault. Henceforth beyond the reach of frailty, thou shalt witness from the heights of divine peace the infinite results of thy acts. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which did not reach thy grand soul, thou hast bought the most complete immortality. For thousands of years the world will depend on Thee! Banner of our contests, thou shalt be the standard about which the hottest battles will be given. A thousand times more alive; a thousand times more beloved, since thy death, than during thy passage below, Thou shalt become the corner-stone of humanity so entirely, that to tear thy name from this world, would be to rend it to its foundations. Between Thee and God, there will no longer be any distinction. Complete conqueror of death, take possession of thy kingdom, whither shall follow Thee, by the royal road which Thou hast traced, ages of worshippers."*

* Renan's *Life of Jesus*, p. 351.

CHAPTER X.

CROWNING RESULTS OF HIS LIFE'S WORK

IT is suitable and right that we should here answer one more question, viz., What has been the effect of His life-teaching in its entirety upon the world?

Could the world have reached the present stage of splendor—domestic comfort; civilization, with its category of sciences; international quietude and the immortal blessedness of religious freedom, and spiritual peace, under the teachings of Brahma, Confucius, Mahommed, or the philosophies of Greece and Rome? After removing seven-tenths of dross from Confucian theology (if you may style it theology) you may come to a few social maxims and political or civil laws, nothing upon which the soul may feed. Brahminism is no better. The highest joys of the future life offered by Mohammedanism is a paradise of luxury where sensuality is sanctified, carnality is deified, and lust sits for ever enthroned as God. Greek and Roman

philosophy but lived to attend the funeral of exhausted and sterile Judaism. Multitudinous attempts have been made by gifted men in every century since Christ to create some new religion, which would, in part, grant the carnal excesses of the heathen worship on one side, adopting some of the Christian tenets and practices on the other, and thus, by captivating the nations by their liberties and promises, overturn the whole system of Christianity, and obliterate the name of Christ—as a divine Saviour—from the world. Witness the failure, the awful failure, the everlasting failure, of fanaticism and false religions. The house built on the sand was as beautiful in outward appearance as the one on the rock, but the wind and rain wrought devastation with it, and death held high carnival, while the one on the rock felt not the jar, nor trembled at the tempest's fury. For the most part, these religions have perished, or are perishing, from the world. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The God of Confucius frowns upon his followers. The place of Diana's temple can scarcely be located. Corinth, with her temples, marble statues and citadels, under the corrupted name of Gorthos, stands before the gaze of centuries, the dead yet living witness of the fate that overtakes apos-

tacy, licentiousness and crime. Ancient Rome lives in the crumbling columns of the Colosseum, Forum, and the Catacombs. The Jerusalem of our Saviour's time lies eighty feet below the surface of the earth. Not a stone remains of all her ancient magnificence to tell the story of her fate. The Pyramids, in their portentous silence, lift up before us the frozen prayer of all ages, for light. Why the ruin of all these structures which have outlived their empire's greatness? Their people forsook God, crucified Christ, and tried to reach heaven by man-made scaffolding, which seems to the imagination, through the vista of eighteen centuries, to rise up "a great, grotesque structure, which, uncrowned with deity, unfinished by its architect, deserted by its friends, mutilated by its foes, stands an everlasting monument of the mingled wisdom and folly, the strength and the weakness of man."

Such systems of belief, such doctrines, could not and did not help man to get any nearer to God. They rather shipwrecked the soul on the ocean of despair, where no light nor life could come, nor friendly voice to cheer the drowning man with words of hope, as he sank for ever beneath the restless wave.

Not so with the religion of Jesus Christ. "It has confirmed the doctrine of our immortality,"

and scattered abroad the germs of heavenly life by its fundamental requirements of love to God and our neighbor. Its influences are traced through humble homes and throne-rooms, elevating the one and giving quiet and purity to the other. Elevation of character and morals, a lively spiritual hope, is the effect of our acceptance of this religion, which is "spiritual instead of ceremonial and external, universal instead of local." It elevates and equalizes humanity; not by detracting from the nobility of the high-minded and intellectually superior classes, but giving such a spirit of gentleness and humility as will lead them to immediate recognition of a poor man when he has the "wedding garment" on. "It has given us the magnificent dowry of a faith in One Common Father of the whole human race, and thus of a world-wide brotherhood of all mankind. The poor and needy are partakers of all His benefits, and used as the instruments of His service in spreading the news of salvation over the land. Labor has been made noble. It has "made humanity a growing force in things private, civil and political. Twelve unlettered fishermen, brawny muscled, sun-browned, horny-handed sons of toil, become the star-eyed, trumpet-voiced apostles, who overthrew principalities and powers; stopped in

their flow downward the tide of centuries; made pagan thrones and they that sat thereon tremble, and turned the thoughts of the nations to God. The expurgations of society became the basis of evangelical power. The sect of the "Despised Nazarines" have become a mountain filling the whole earth. The midnight anthem of angels, which rolled a billow of light over the Bethlehem plains, has transformed the islands of the sea into concert halls, the tuneful forests into organ-lofts of worship, and filled the world with songs of everlasting praise. In His name, woman has been honored and elevated; manhood has been ennobled, and the home made the purest, the happiest place on earth. It has lifted poverty above shame, abolished slavery, and hushed the thunders of war. Hospitals for the poor, the maimed, the deaf and the blind have been erected in every civilized country, while asylums for the orphan, the inebriate and insane are the direct outcome of the effect of this holy religion. Reformatories, and more just laws follow, with free schools and universities for the propagation of knowledge, wherever this Gospel is preached. Missions are being founded everywhere, from the frozen islands in the north, through arid wastes to the steaming waters of the equator and the countries of the south.

Savage lands are being reclaimed, and savage lips are being taught to sing Messiah's praise. And thus, through unnumbered channels and agencies, by the spirit of love and meekness, does Christ reign from the rivers unto the ends of the earth, and He must reign until the last enemy, even death our ancient foe, is vanquished, and Christ indeed is to us below and the redeemed above, all and in all.

CHRIST THE ETERNAL REFUGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

To us who read His word, and love Him because He first loved us, a sense of safety enters into our lives which so establishes us in our faith that, like Paul, we are ready to exclaim: "Neither things present nor things to come, nor life nor death, nor any other creature is able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus," who from all the ills and snares of life redeems and saves us. Thus, while the salvation of the Gospel implies our deliverance from all these evils, and our participation in all the joys of a close intercourse and relation with Him, it also implies our admission into His Heavenly State. It is in order to bring us there at last, that all His miracles were performed, all His promises were made, and all the benefits just enumerated are conferred upon us,

and it is there accordingly that they shall be consummated. Salvation, in this sense, through Christ, is eternal life. Here we see through a glass, darkly, but through him we are delivered from ignorance; and in Heaven no cloud shall obscure our view, no veil of prejudice shall cover our hearts. Through His name we are delivered from guilt; and in Heaven, at its very threshold, our acquittal and justification shall be proclaimed before an assembled world, and God's reconciled countenance shall shine upon us forever. Although born sinful, we are, through Him, delivered from the power of sin; and in Heaven there shall be no tempter and no temptation—nothing that defileth and nothing that is defiled. Through His name, we are delivered from the ills and calamities of life, and in Heaven all tears shall be wiped from the eye and all sorrow banished from the heart; there shall be undecaying health, and there shall be unbroken rest, and there shall be songs of unmingled gladness. "So death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," and from it we shrink; but Christ has abolished death, and through Him we are delivered from the power and fear of death; and in Heaven there shall be no more death, the saints shall dwell in that sinless and unsuffering land, as the redeemed of

Him "who was dead and is alive again and liveth forever more." All things are theirs; theirs is the unfading crown; theirs is the incorruptible inheritance; theirs the imperishable kingdom of the King of kings; theirs are the blessedness and undimmed glories of eternity.

"Unto Him who has redeemed us to God by His blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests . . . be blessing and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen."